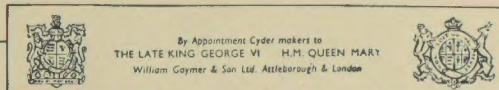


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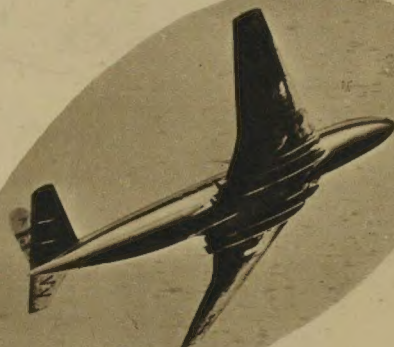


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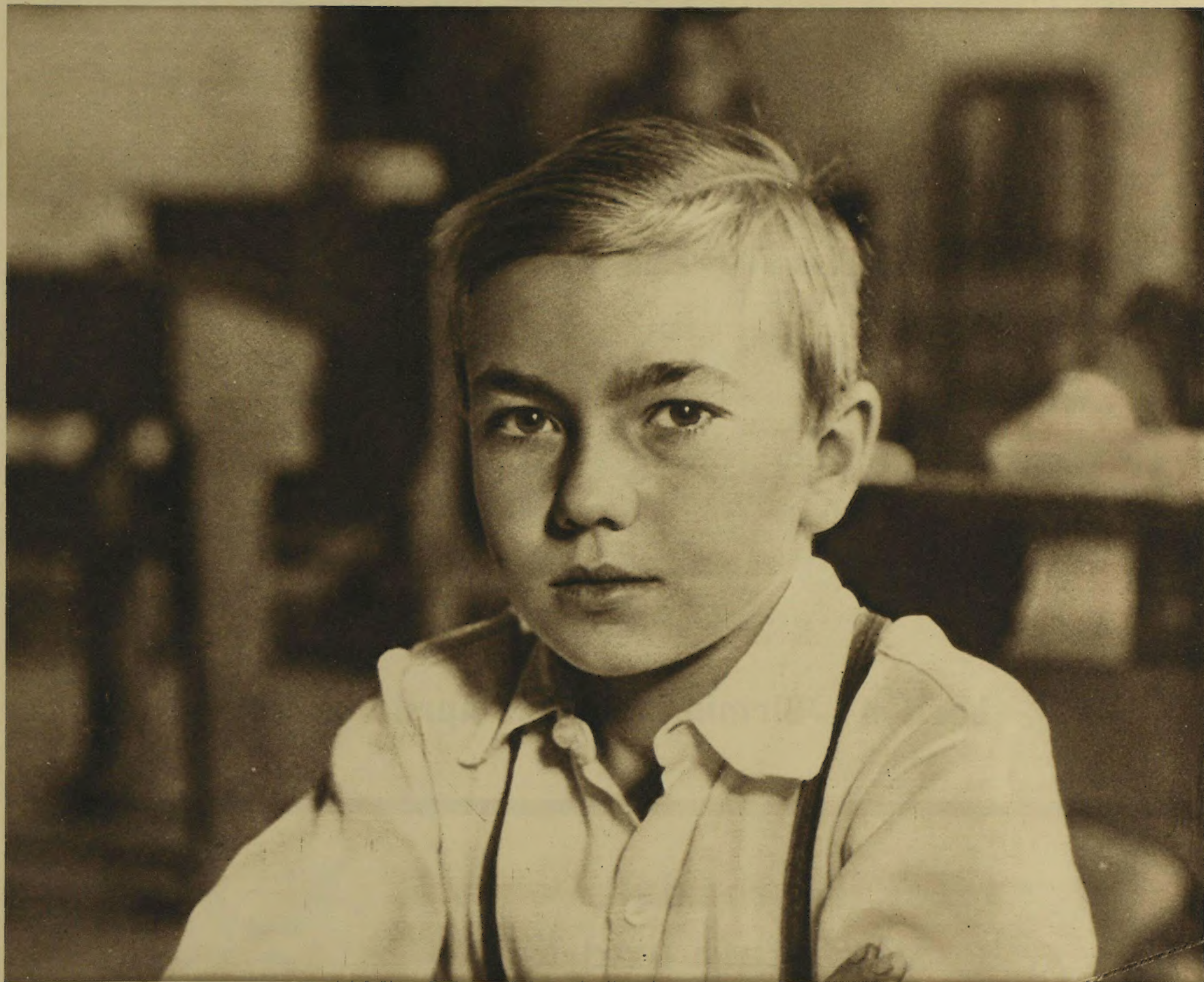


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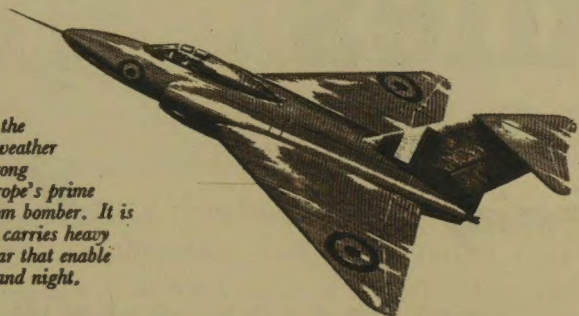
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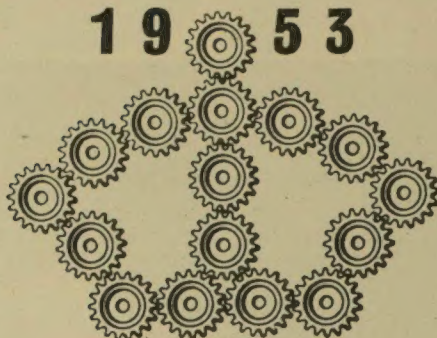


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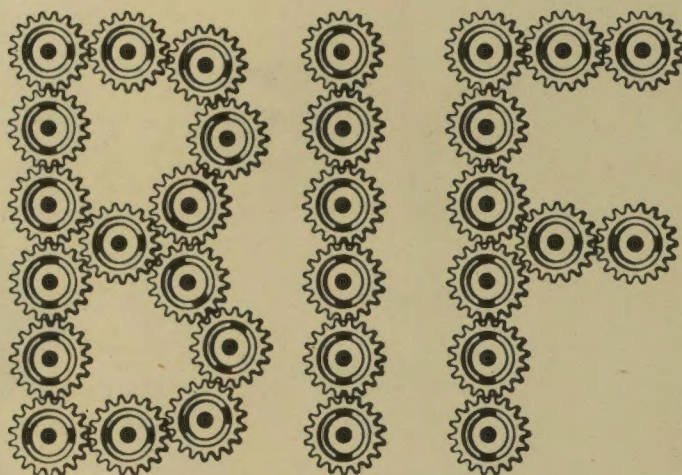
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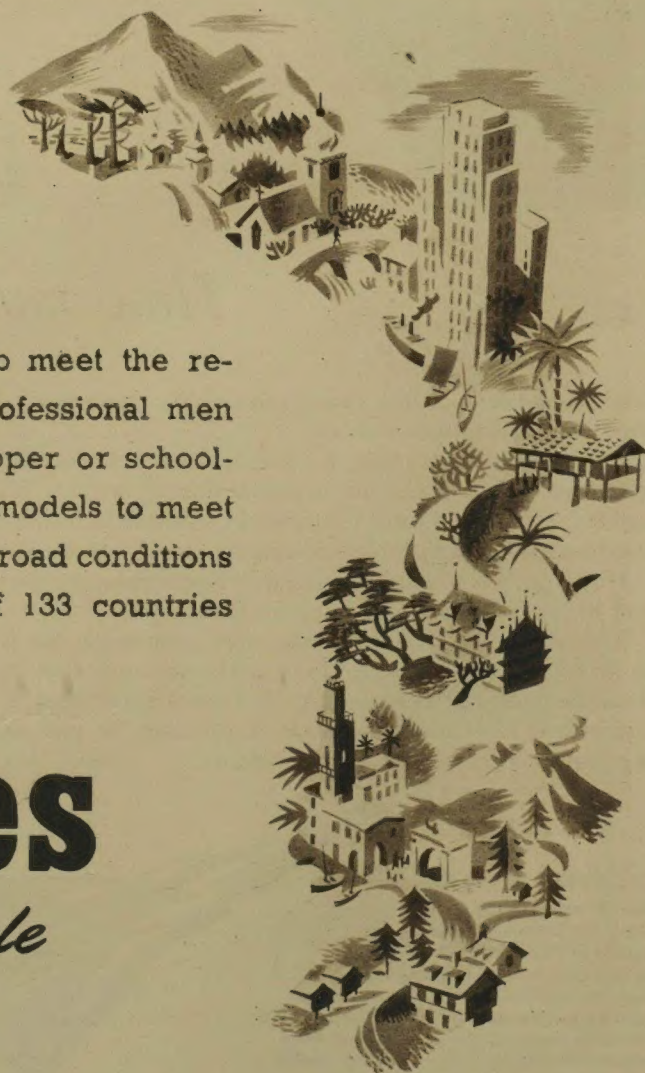
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1953.



THE NORTH SUDAN HAILS THE GRANT OF SELF-DETERMINATION: THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, SIR ROBERT HOWE, ADDRESSING THE KHARTOUM CROWDS AT THE GREAT HOLIDAY PARADE.

Sunday, February 15, was held in the North Sudan as a public holiday, with parades and demonstrations to mark the signing of the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement (on February 12), which grants self-determination to the Sudan and, within a period of three years, independence. At the ceremonial parade before Kitchener's statue, the Governor-General, Sir Robert Howe, formally welcomed the pact. The crowd present, claimed as the largest ever assembled in Khartoum, hailed the Sudanese troops on parade with great enthusiasm and applauded the

Egyptian party. The British contingent, men of the York and Lancaster Regiment, were received almost in silence. On the previous day Sir Robert Howe had called upon the Southern Sudanese to support the pact and to work for any amendments they might desire by democratic and constitutional means. It was, he said, a great and historic day for the Sudanese. "By courage, by unity of purpose, and by tolerance may they achieve [self-determination] in peace among themselves and in harmony with their neighbours."



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT is hard for anyone with a mind of his own to read the newspapers without being very frequently annoyed, and I expect that those who can bring themselves to read this page regularly must often experience a similar irritation. But at least they can comfort themselves with the reflection that the views contained in it are very unimportant and that no one in any position of power is ever likely to pay the slightest attention to them. So far as I am aware, the only influence I have ever had on public affairs was to initiate a correspondence in *The Times*, after four pairs of new post-war braces had burst on my back in a year, expressing the view that without confidence in the stability of its trousers even democracy could not advance, with the result that, after a flush of letters even sillier and more frivolous than my own, the particular Department of Government that controlled such matters withdrew the Order forbidding the use of rubber in the manufacture of these humble but indispensable articles! That was the high, and only high, water-mark of my public career; since then the tide has steadily receded, until I am now as much a back number as Colonel Blimp or Hengist and Horsa. My views are old-fashioned, unprogressive and shamelessly pre-Neguib, and even pre-Moussadeg. They are so much so that they cause me to question almost every progressive and enlightened *obiter dictum* that I read in the daily Press. I am as out of touch with the modern mind as the solitary Member of Parliament who stood up in the House of Commons the other day and protested at the great new dawn of international truth, trust and brotherhood in the Nile Valley. I do not have even a glimmer of faith that pumpkins—even military dictators' pumpkins—can ever be turned into coaches.

It is, therefore, perhaps only too understandable that I should feel annoyed when a Member of Parliament suggests in the House of Commons that the Lord Chief Justice should not be allowed to express his views—like mine, apparently absurdly antiquated—on the Law. The thought behind this libertarian thesis, it seems, is that the Legislature, having passed an Act which expresses its view or, at any rate, those of a majority of its members, those views are henceforward sacrosanct and should not be criticised by those in public office. Such a thesis on the other side of the Iron Curtain would cause no surprise to anyone; it would seem admirably in keeping with those doctrines of corporate and authoritarian progress that have sent so many unwanted diversionists of various kinds in the last thirty years to Belsen and Siberia. But on this side of the Iron Curtain it still does seem startling; and particularly startling, I find, to a student of English history. For the most salient fact in English history, as I see it, is the persistent belief of Englishmen throughout the ages that men should be free to speak out their minds about their rulers, their laws and institutions. Parliament itself arose as an expression of that firm conviction and as a protected place in which such criticism could be made. But it did not arise as a place in which truth was alone supposed to reside and in which the sole monopoly of saying unpopular or unacceptable things might be exercised. On the contrary, Parliament's most glorious moments have always been those in which it has defended the rights of Englishmen to speak out in other places. One of those moments occurred in the seventeenth century, when Parliament fought so gallantly for the independence of the Judiciary.

So this business of the Lord Chief Justice expressing his doubts about recent legislation and the Law he is expected to administer without fear or favour—and no one has ever suggested that he does not administer it

most exactly and fairly—seems to me to go to the root of our constitution and institutions. The office he holds—and it is one of the very oldest and most honourable in our land—sprang out of this ancient, stubborn belief of ours. If the Lord Chief Justice, whose life-work, after all, has given him a far more intimate acquaintance with the habits and mentality of the criminal classes than that likely to be enjoyed by the average professional politician, is of opinion that our legislators are mistaken in their views on such matters, he has not only a right to say so; he has a positive duty to the British public to do so. He cannot change or vary the Law: that is not a function entrusted to him by the people of this country; it is one that is entrusted only to their elected representatives in Parliament. But both on the Bench and in the House of Lords, he is expected as Lord Chief Justice to expatiate on the Law, to make its nature clear to those who break it, to those who obey it, and to those who, through their representatives, make it. He is not paid to be the passive mouthpiece of the Legislature; his office was not designed on the model of that modern manifestation of authoritarian thought, the public relations officer. He is not there to say "Yes! Yes!" to the views of the majority in the House of Commons, any

more than his predecessor was there to say "Yes! Yes!" to the views of the King. He is paid to be independent of the Legislature and Executive alike; to speak for a Judiciary which is responsible only to itself and the public it serves to safeguard. Members of Parliament are as free to criticise him as he to criticise them: England is traditionally a land where men are free to criticise one another. But though a Member of Parliament has every right to say that the Lord Chief Justice's views are old-fashioned and wrong, no Member of Parliament, as I see it, has any right to criticise him for speaking his mind out freely and saying what he believes to be the truth about the Law. A Member of Parliament who does so does not seem to me to understand either the history or constitution of his own country. He would be happier, one feels, in the Legislature of a "People's Republic," where



WITH THE STATUE OF LORD KITCHENER LOOKING DOWN ON THE SCENE, THE BRITISH GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE SUDAN, SIR ROBERT HOWE, ADDRESSES THE HUGE CROWD AT KHARTOUM AND WELCOMES THE PACT WHICH GIVES THE SUDAN THE RIGHT AND THE MEANS TO DETERMINE ITS OWN FUTURE.

Following the signing of the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement relating to the future of the Sudan, Mr. Eden in the House of Commons on February 12 said that this agreement meant that when the new Sudanese Parliament was elected, two ways would lie open to the Sudanese—either a link between the Sudan and Egypt "in any form" or "complete independence"; and he added that in the latter case there was nothing to prevent the Sudan's applying to join the British Commonwealth. Despite the fact that General Neguib was stated to have later contradicted this last assurance, Mr. Eden repeated (on February 17) that Britain stood by it, that it had been explained to General Neguib as long ago as January 9, and, in fact, that "by that position we stand and that position I am not prepared to vary." Many countries, he said, did not seem to understand that the Commonwealth was a partnership of completely independent nations and that nobody could join it except as a result of consultation with and acceptance by those who were in it already. Later the same day General Neguib broadcast to the Sudanese and said bluntly that the only options open to them were union with Egypt or independence. And he added that the Sudan's independence did not mean that it would be allowed to lead to a hostile or potentially hostile Power establishing itself on the Upper Nile. The Foreign Office has stated that it considers the point an academic one; but it is felt in this country that the words "complete independence" for the Sudanese should mean "complete independence" to choose for themselves.

legislators, like everyone else, are expected to silence diversionists.

I am not in this saying that the Lord Chief Justice is right in his view about the punishment of criminals. I am only saying that he is right to express his views, regardless of whether they are those of the Legislature or not. It is in this—in this inherent and most English right and function—that he differs from the President of a People's Court. And I hope that there are Englishmen—I am sure the Lord Chief Justice is one of them, and I only wish that I could think that I was one myself—who would go to the prison or stake, if necessary, to maintain and vindicate that right. It is, indeed, on the existence of such Englishmen that the majesty and liberty of Parliament itself rests, both historically and in living fact. Without that, all the vast powers and privileges that Parliament possesses and has won in the course of the ages, would be valueless and liable to destruction by the first breath of dictatorship—and there are many different kinds and breaths of dictatorship; and never were there more of them than there are in the world to-day. Liberty depends on the readiness of men to allow to others the freedom of speech they enjoy themselves. It depends on institutions that preserve, against all the changing gusts of passion and opinion, that hard-won right. The office of Lord Chief Justice of England, and of the great and independent Judiciary he symbolises and so worthily expresses, is one of those institutions; it was won for us by brave and wise men, and it should be preserved by us, like that of Parliament itself, with care and watchful jealousy for future generations.

LIFE IN SOUTHERN SUDAN: LOCAL AFRICAN COURTS, AND AGRICULTURE.



A SOUTH SUDANESE IN A RICE-FIELD: EXPERIMENTS ARE BEING CARRIED OUT TO DISCOVER IF RICE CAN BE CULTIVATED.



THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE IN MARIDI, EQUATORIA: A BAKA CHIEF IS SHOWN ADDRESSING A PRISONER AT A COMBINED SESSION OF THE "A" AND "B" COURTS. THE PRESIDENT OF THE "A" COURT IS SHOWN ON THE RIGHT, WEARING A TURBAN.



A SESSION OF A TRIBAL COURT, WHERE SUDANESE JUDGES AND MAGISTRATES TRY ALL TYPES OF CIVIL AND CRIMINAL CASES: EACH CHIEF IN THE SOUTH HOLDS HIS OWN COURT. ABOVE THE LOCAL COURTS IS THE APPEALS COURT.



IN THE YEI DISTRICT OF SOUTH SUDAN: AN AGRICULTURAL WORKER GATHERING LEAVES FROM TOBACCO PLANTS WHICH ARE BEING EXPERIMENTALLY CULTIVATED.

THE provinces of Equatoria and Upper Nile, Southern Sudan, the territory whose safeguarding is so vital a part of the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement, are in a remote part of Africa, so isolated from world trade routes that schemes for the betterment of the pagan tribes of African stock who inhabit the area can only hope to succeed if based, like those already initiated by British administrators, on development from within. The Negro and Nilotic tribes still remember the slave raids of the past and distrust the North, inhabited by Moslem, Arabic-speaking peoples. Since the establishment of the Condominium a handful of British officers have

HOW THE OATH IS ADMINISTERED IN A SOUTHERN SUDAN TRIBAL COURT: THE CHIEF HOLDS OUT A SPEARHEAD, AND THE WITNESS MUST LICK IT IN EARNEST OF HIS INTENTION TO SPEAK THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.



tribes. Progress has been slow but sure. Representatives of the three provinces of Southern Sudan sit in the Legislative Assembly in Khartoum; and since 1951 Arabic has become a compulsory subject in Government and missionary schools. Agriculture is being developed, and experiments are being made over the cultivation of coffee, tobacco, citrus fruits and rice, in addition to that of the traditional cotton; and there are spinning and weaving mills at Nzara.



EXAMINING THE GROUND-NUT CROP: A ZANDE LABOURER AT MARIDI, EQUATORIA. ZANDES MAKE GOOD AGRICULTURAL WORKERS.



AN EXPERIMENTAL CROP OF ORANGES IN GOVERNMENT GARDENS, MARIDI, EQUATORIA: THE ZANDE EXAMINING THEM IS BURSAR TO THE NEW LOCAL GOVERNMENT SCHOOL.

successfully ended tribal wars, gained confidence and established an administration which includes courts held by local chiefs and an appeal court of chiefs from various



A JUNIOR CLASS FOR SOUTH SUDANESE GIRLS IN YEI, EQUATORIA: THE PUPILS ARE WEARING APRONS OF GRASS OR LEAVES GATHERED ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL, AND, BY PREFERENCE, KNEELING AT DESKS.



DRESSMAKING IN THE MANNER OF MOTHER EVE: A PUPIL MAKING A GRASS APRON. THE GIRLS AT YEI MISSION SCHOOL ARE DIVIDED INTO GROUPS OF FIVE, AND EACH GROUP HAS ITS OWN COOKHOUSE.

SINCE the establishment of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan Condominium, British officers and administrators in the Southern Sudan have been engaged in educating the African tribes of the territory to become citizens of an independent self-governing country. In Southern Sudan the missions, Roman Catholic and Protestant, are still the main educational agents of the Government; and subsidised and Government-inspected mission schools provide for 23,384 pupils. Primary teacher-training centres have been established; and there are seven elementary schools, intermediate schools and training centres for clerical, medical and agricultural employees directly administered by the Government.



EVENING ASSEMBLY AT YEI MISSION SCHOOL, SOME TWO MILES FROM THE SUDAN-UGANDA BORDER: A GROUP OF GIRL PUPILS, SOME WEARING COTTON FROCKS, BUT MANY SIMPLY CLOTHED IN BUNCHES OF GRASS OR LEAVES TO FORM APRONS IN GARDEN-OF-EDEN STYLE.



A PRIZE-GIVING CEREMONY FOR BOYS AT NUGENT MISSION SCHOOL. THE GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE OF EQUATORIA IS PRESENTING THE AWARDS AND THE BISHOP OF SOUTHERN SUDAN IS SHOWN SEATED ON THE DAIS ON THE LEFT.



BREAKFAST AT YEI MISSION SCHOOL: A GROUP OF GIRLS, WITH THEIR COOKHOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND, WHERE THEY PREPARE THEIR OWN FOOD, AND SO FORTH.



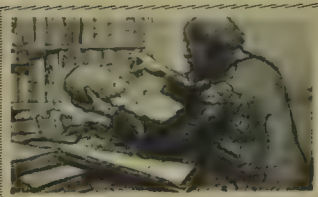
PUPILS AT AN END-OF-TERM PARTY: A FLASHLIGHT PICTURE TAKEN DURING A DANCE AT THE YEI GIRLS' SCHOOL, RUN BY THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Continued. Government; while suitable literature for local requirements is produced by a publications bureau. The girls who attend the schools in Southern Sudan are often too poor to buy clothes, and on the way to class they pick bunches of leaves and grass, and, following the fashions of our first parents, make themselves aprons. Cotton is one of the crops grown in the South Sudan, and a spinning and weaving mill has been established by the Equatoria Projects Board at Nzara, with the aid of Lancashire experts, and is now in operation, so the textile position is improving. One of the great difficulties of Southern Sudan development is transport, as during the rains the roads become impassable.

ACQUIRING WESTERN EDUCATION BEFORE THEY CAN AFFORD TO BUY CLOTHES: SOUTH SUDANESE SCHOOLGIRLS IN GRASS APRONS, AND A BOYS' PRIZE-GIVING.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKERS REVISITED.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE account, published on this page on November 29 of last year, of great spotted woodpeckers taking almonds, has led to an interesting correspondence. It is therefore worth while returning to the subject, to summarise the results of that correspondence and to draw what inferences we can. Over a score of letters were received from readers who had observed this behaviour, and the first information derived from them gives a wide distribution of the habit. It has been seen in Surrey, Kent, Hertfordshire, Berkshire, Cambridgeshire, Essex, Norfolk, Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Gloucestershire and Somerset. The next point is the duration of the habit. When writing previously, I had shown that the available evidence indicated the year 1945 for the start of the habit. Indeed, it was taken as one of the more remarkable features that, although the almond had been a cultivated tree in this country for centuries, it looked as though the woodpeckers had not discovered its fruits as a source of food until eight years ago.

One of the first letters to arrive showed that the writer had lived in her present house for twenty-six years, and woodpeckers had used the almonds during the last three years only. I wrote asking for confirmatory details, which were supplied. Two others spoke of twenty years with similar results, except that one showed 1945 for the start of the habit and the other gave 1950. Several others strongly suggested 1945 or later. Then came the first disturbing letter, that when the writer spoke to his gardener about the piles of almond shells, the gardener showed himself fully aware of them for many years past. Almost the last letter of all to be received spoke of the writer having been aware of the habit thirty years ago.

Analysis of the observations goes to show that the habit is sporadic. For example, a woodpecker was seen opening almonds in one garden during February to April, 1946, and not again after that until March, 1951. The time of the year when the nuts were taken varied also from October to April. It is, however, impossible to draw solid conclusions from a score of observations, but the fact that there are variations in the times of the year when the almonds are taken is in line with other aspects of the behaviour. Thus, some woodpeckers in splitting the almonds use holes already existing, and without alteration, others use pre-existing holes which they enlarge to take an almond, others peck out the necessary opening to take the nut, and at least one used a split in the top of a post. The splitting-place, so to speak, may be another tree, a post or a pergola. The distance from the source of nuts to the point where they are split varies from a fork in the almond-tree itself, to ten, thirty or even fifty yards away. Mrs. E. M. Williams, of Somerset, finds that her woodpecker always uses the same hole. Other letters tell of the same bird using several places, more or less habitually. One bird put the almond into the hole complete with husk; another, in the garden of Colonel H. J. Chappell, O.B.E., of Essex, beat the almond "on the concrete path in the manner of a thrush with a snail, presumably to remove the husk." Mr. E. B. Parkes, of Somerset, describes how the woodpecker opens the shell "with a single blow, just like the Spaniards open almonds

by using a wide knife-blade on the seam with a sharp tap." Several other reports suggest the same ease and clean action in splitting shells.

My young friend, Rodney Edwards, of Hertfordshire, went one further and experimented with a 2-in. nail. He found that a sharp tap with the point of the nail, held in one hand, on the seam of the almond, held in the other hand, was ineffective. When he anchored his elbow in his ribs, to give purchase to the blow, the nail split the nut cleanly. Contrasting with this was

the experience of Mrs. Vera Jameson, of Gloucestershire, who records that it took three minutes for her woodpecker to open the almond. She reports that: "The bird hammers downwards and then turns his head from side to side in order to fracture the nut."

Mrs. Jameson experimented with laying out a row of different sorts of nuts, such as brazil, hazel, walnut, chestnut and almond. She was good enough to send me samples, shown in the photograph reproduced here. She was "surprised to find that the brazil was first choice, but was difficult to open. It was taken to various trees and lost to my view. Subsequently I wedged a brazil so as to discover how it was opened, because it had no seam to work at. Chestnut is not taken,

something they would care to eat?" Presumably they do so either by smell, or because they have the habit of opening anything promising, a sort of curiosity-searching instinct. That the second is correct is suggested by the sporadic nature of the habit of eating almonds, to which attention has already been drawn. On the other hand, Mrs. Eleanor Renfrew, of Worcestershire, noted that only good nuts were taken, even when, as in some years, only one in six is good. She suggests that it probably differentiates good from bad by tapping them, before removing them from under the almond-tree. She also raises the question, a nice point, whether "shortage of

timber and consequent felling of trees [since 1945?] has created a shortage of the woodpecker's natural food or has caused him to seek 'fresh fields and pastures new.'" It may be, or it may possibly be the felling of old and decayed trees, for clean forestry, those which harbour the main supply of food for woodpeckers. Either of these could have a bearing upon the start of the habit, or even upon the sporadic nature of the habit, the felling of rotten trees in one neighbourhood driving the birds to reconnoitre new grounds.

The first and most complete account of how the woodpecker carries the almond and inserts it in the "vice" came from Mrs. Irene Parkes, of Hertfordshire, who very kindly came to see me to explain in detail. It is on her amplified description that the drawings given here are based. Arriving at the post, or tree, the woodpecker settles in the usual way, supporting itself by its feet and tail. The nut is then

dropped and, using the breast, is worked up towards the hole, presumably leaving the bill free to pick it up to the best advantage for insertion in the vice. When in position, the nut is further secured by blows with the bill from this direction and that, until it is firmly held and in the correct position for the *coup-de-grâce*. A later account from Mr. W. J. Watson, of Hertfordshire, confirms Mrs. Parkes' observations, but says, "The bird would appear to support the nut in the vice with its breast while beating it with its beak."

There are many other details that could be cited from my correspondence, and I would take this opportunity of thanking all those who have been kind enough to send their observations, accompanied often by specimens of shells or nuts. I hope, in due course, to avail myself of the warm invitations "to come and see for yourself."

The evidence presented here, on the habit in the great spotted woodpeckers of eating almonds, is inconclusive, of course, but it emphasises several things. The first is the difficulty of observing precise details of the bird's behaviour, a remark that could be applied to most of our wild animals. Secondly, it shows how small a percentage of knowledge on any one subject finds its way into the pages of scientific journals. This is a disquieting thought, suggesting that our recorded knowledge is apt to be lop-sided. Thirdly, there is a clear indication that the behaviour in any one species can be very variable as from one individual to another. This suggests that animal behaviour is less stereotyped than we are normally led by the animal psychologists to suppose.



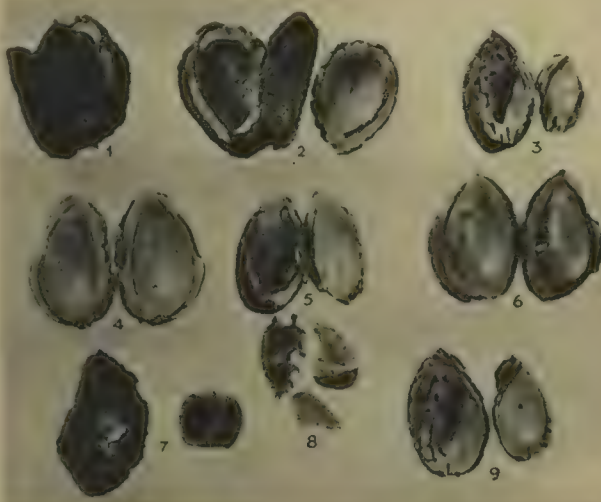
THE FIRST STAGE IN THE WOODPECKER'S NUT-CRACKING TECHNIQUE: A BIRD ALIGHTS ON A TREE CARRYING AN ALMOND; SHOWING THE PREVIOUSLY SELECTED "VICE" ABOVE.

This drawing and that on the right illustrate two stages in the recently observed technique developed by woodpeckers to enable them to open almonds and other nuts. They are based on an observer's account.



A LATER STAGE IN THE NUT-CRACKING TECHNIQUE: THE WOODPECKER LODGES THE NUT BETWEEN ITS BREAST AND THE TREE-TRUNK, LEAVING THE BEAK FREE TO TURN THE NUT INTO THE BEST POSITION BEFORE INSERTING IT IN THE "VICE."

From the drawings by Jane Burton.

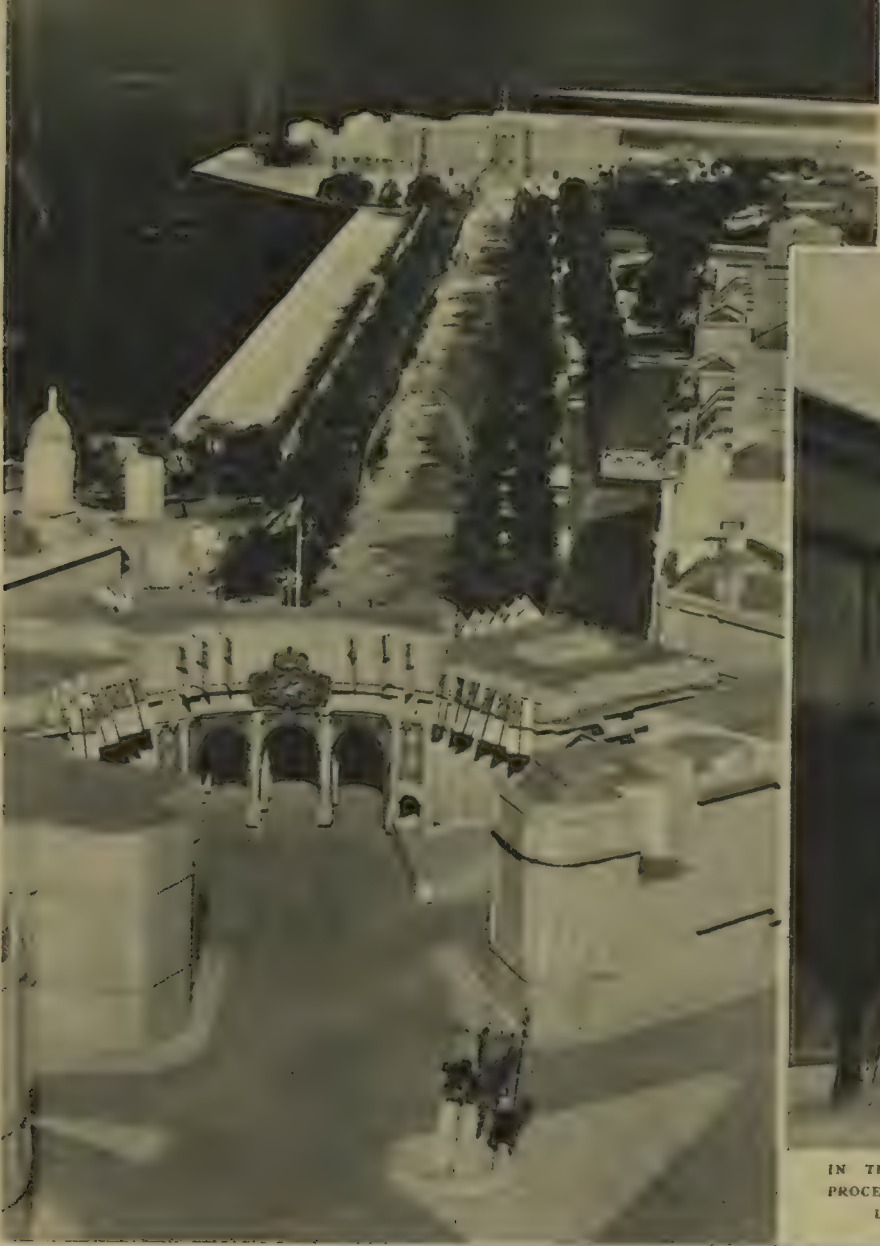


A SERIES OF SPECIMENS "SUBMITTED BY READERS WHO HAVE OBSERVED THE WOODPECKERS' VARIABLE METHODS OF CRACKING NUTS: (1 AND 2) HUSK NOT REMOVED AND THE ENCLOSED SHELL ONLY SLIGHTLY OPENED, AND HUSK NOT REMOVED BUT SHELL COMPLETELY SPLIT; (3, 6 AND 9) TWO PARTIALLY SPLIT ALMOND SHELLS FOR COMPARISON WITH THE MORE USUAL COMPLETE AND CLEAN SPLIT (6); (4) AN ALMOND OPENED BY A SCHOOLBOY USING A 2-IN. NAIL TO SIMULATE THE WOODPECKER'S BEAK; (5 AND 8) AN ALMOND WITH THE CLEANED SKIN REMAINING WITHIN THE SHELL COMPARED WITH THE MORE NORMAL METHOD OF SKINNING THE ALMOND AND DROPPING THE PIECES TO THE GROUND (8); (7) A BRAZIL NUT AND A HAZEL NUT OPENED BY A WOODPECKER IN A SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS DESIGNED TO TEST THE PREFERENCE FOR VARIOUS KINDS OF NUTS.

Photograph by Maurice G. Sawyers.

but much enjoyed if I wedge it, and walnut the same. The hazel is not an early choice. I would say it is brazil first, and almond second." This is surprising, that the bird should take an exotic nut first, and one, in addition, that is difficult to open. It gives point to a question, raised in her letter, by Mrs. Evelyn Cartmell: "How did they discover that these stone-like objects contained

"BLENDING MAJESTY AND GAIETY": DESIGNS FOR THE DECORATION OF THE CORONATION ROUTE ILLUSTRATED BY SCALE MODELS.



IN THE MALL: A MODEL OF ONE OF THE FOUR ARCHES WHICH WILL SPAN THE CORONATION PROCESSIONAL WAY ALONG THE MALL. THE SPANS OF EACH ARCH, DECORATED WITH PAIRS OF LIONS AND UNICORNS AND A PRINCESS'S CORONET, INTERSECT 65 FT. ABOVE THE GROUND.

(ABOVE.) LONDON'S ROYAL HIGHWAY: THE MALL—A SCALE MODEL SHOWING ADMIRALTY ARCH IN THE FOREGROUND AND THE DECORATED ROUTE DESIGNED TO CREATE A BLEND OF MAJESTY AND GAIETY.

ON February 17 Mr. Eccles, Minister of Works, gave his third report on progress in designing the street decorations to be provided by his department for the Coronation. He assured the meeting that "we are well up to schedule in our preparations"; he said that some of the decorations, including flowers, would be put up at the last moment, so that all would be fresh and perfect on the day. He added that if the weather was good the decorations would stay for ten days or a fortnight; likewise the illuminations at night. He described how the Mall, Whitehall, Parliament Square and the vicinity of the Abbey would look. Plans were almost complete, but he was having second thoughts about Trafalgar Square, where the procession would be seen three times and a vast crowd was expected. Mr. Eccles said that the 1000 yards of London's Royal highway, the Mall, "offers perhaps the best chance on the route to create that blend of majesty and gaiety which so truly represents our Queen." Four great steel arches would be linked by 40-ft. standards that would tower above the trees.



GIVING HIS REPORT ON THE PROGRESS IN THE DESIGNING OF THE CORONATION STREET DECORATIONS: MR. DAVID ECCLES, MINISTER OF WORKS, ADDRESSING A MEETING IN LONDON. IN THE FOREGROUND IS A MODEL OF THE ROYAL ROUTE FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE agreement about the future of the Sudan has been received with apparent satisfaction in this country. Good reasons exist for its creating a sense of relief. It opens up at last the prospect of good relations with Egypt and of an end to the bad feeling, flaring up at times into open hostility, which has been deplorable from every point of view and not least from that of the defence of the Middle East. Perhaps that is all the general public sees in it. The scheme for the Sudan is complex and not likely to be untangled except by experts. I do not now propose to enter into its detail. I do consider it worth while, however, to note that the agreement is one which would not have been entertained only a short while ago, and that certain objections to it do not appear to have been lessened in the interval. Even if they are overcome by the advantages, it will not do to overlook them altogether. The tendency in Parliament and Press has been to do so. Yet these objections concern not only British interests, but also, it may be found, British duties and responsibilities.

Britain is deeply committed to the welfare of the peoples of the Sudan, and in particular to that of the more primitive peoples of the southern Sudan. Can she rest assured that these will not be left at the mercy of an Egyptian coup? The reply to such a question in the rare cases in which it is asked is that the Egyptian Prime Minister, General Nguib, is an honest and reliable man. On the other hand, he stands at the head of a frankly revolutionary régime. Assuming that it lasts, as seems probable, he is no less mortal than any other man, and his successors may be of another character. The British record in the Sudan in the period of rather more than half a century since the Battle of Khartoum has been honourable and beneficent. A setback to it at this stage would be a tragedy. I am not forecasting one, but I do feel that the question of what is a national responsibility should have had a national debate. In Victorian days it probably would, though we are supposed to be a better-educated nation now than we were then. It is not surprising that some misgiving has appeared in the ranks of the Government's supporters. Perhaps people are too scared of being called reactionary nowadays.

The best feature of the Sudan agreement is that it paves the way for one on the subject of Middle East defence and in particular on the future of British forces in the Suez Canal Zone. There the strategic situation remains unchanged. Years ago—in fact, I find the points made in a pamphlet written shortly after the war and now out of date in other respects—I first strove to emphasise what I took to be the most important factors. The first was that Egypt could hardly be fully replaced as a central base for the defence of the Middle East. Its situation, communications, double approach from the Mediterranean and the Red Sea—one might add now from West Africa by air—and resources render it invaluable. The second was that hardly any Egyptian Government had shown itself hostile to the idea of British aid in the defence of Egypt in time of war, though bitterly opposed to the presence of British troops in the country in time of peace. The obvious solution is for them to depart and return in time of danger. This is subject to the risk of the invitation to return coming too late. Movement of forces in time of emergency is always a nightmare to General Staffs.

The question then must be whether it can be considered safe to entrust the Suez Canal base to Egypt. Under the present Government it is probably as safe as it can be in the circumstances. Special reasons now exist to expedite a settlement. Most important of all is the fact that the legal right of Britain to remain in Egypt ends in the year 1956, and that the value of an Egyptian base depends to a large extent upon Egyptian friendship. There is a fair chance of obtaining this now, and it hardly needs to be said that every effort should be made to seize it; on the other hand, the Egyptian forces by themselves are not capable of assuring the defence of the Canal Zone and base in a great war. Not only should we seek guarantees for the maintenance of the base, its equipment, workshops and stores; we also need at

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. EGYPT, THE SUDAN AND THE MIDDLE EAST.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

all costs a firm and satisfactory agreement about the return of British forces in time of emergency. On top of this, it would be desirable that, even if all fighting troops were removed, a skeleton administrative body should be permitted to remain as advisers on the administration of the base. It may be that the agreement on the Sudan will render such an arrangement more practicable than it would have been last year.

Hitherto the Egyptian Government has stated that it will not enter into any Middle East defence pact so long as British forces remain in the country. Such a regional pact would clearly provide another assurance. Here, too, the prospects have become rather brighter: though unfortunately no improvement has taken place in the relations between Egypt and Israel. We do not know as yet whether General Nguib possesses the highest qualities of statesmanship, but he is now in a position to exercise them if he has them. He has gained prestige in an international affair to add to that which he had already acquired in internal affairs. He is less at the mercy of extremist followers. He may now feel that Egypt can without loss of dignity become a member of a Middle East defence pact.

One element to be taken into consideration is the military work now in process in Cyprus and, to a lesser extent, that in Jordan. If Cyprus becomes a major base its paternity will be attributable in a sense to General Nguib. Preparations for improving it

but Commandos do not carry with them prams or ball-dresses, features of modern military stations. Already some battalions have returned to this country and others are due to follow. Whatever else General Nguib may do, he is likely to demand a speedy withdrawal of British fighting forces, and perhaps so swift as to be virtually impossible.

If military planning staffs did their work in an even relatively static medium, their rôle would not be a difficult one. In fact, they have to build upon foundations which are continually shifting and upon forecasts which can rarely be precise. This handicap has become particularly serious for our planners in recent years. From time to time the foundations improve. I need here cite only as an instance of this the creation of N.A.T.O., the more recent accession to it of Greece and Turkey, the aid given by Australia in the development of guided missiles, the increase in Canadian military production, and the improved prospects of using atomic weapons in a tactical rôle. On the whole, however, since the Second World War the handicap and the uncertainty have been increased by contraction of the Empire and the absence of former co-operation from part of it in Imperial defence. Only this month Mr. Nehru informed the Parliament of India that transport facilities to Gurkha recruits to the British Army could not be indefinitely accorded. Other instances could easily be found. The planners have, indeed, continually been faced with an uphill task.

Even in such circumstances foresight may achieve much. It has already done so in Cyprus and elsewhere and would have been still more successful had it been supported earlier by the funds now available for schemes based upon it. Where foresight is cheated there can be no remedy but patience, perseverance and readiness at all

scrapheap and make new ones. We are not called upon to pity our strategists, who are doing coveted professional jobs, but we should none the less realise the nature of the medium in which they perform these. All ideas about the Middle East have had to be recast several times since the war. Now the time has come when drastic action has to be taken. There will probably be heavy criticism if the movement I have been discussing takes place. In view, however, of the fact that we shall in 1956 lose all right to keep any forces whatever in the Suez Canal Zone without Egypt's assent—never likely to be given in time of peace—I myself should not look with disfavour upon a settlement such as that suggested. The important thing is that the detailed assurances



A BRITISH CROWN COLONY WHERE MILITARY WORK IS NOW IN PROCESS: THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS, WHICH LIES FORTY MILES FROM THE COAST OF TURKEY AND SIXTY MILES FROM THAT OF SYRIA.

In discussing Egypt, the Sudan and the Middle East, Captain Falls considers the important question of the future of British forces in the Suez Canal Zone. "One element to be taken into consideration," he writes, "is the military work now in process in Cyprus..." and continues: "If Cyprus becomes a major base its paternity will be attributable in a sense to General Nguib." It was announced in October, 1952, that the first contract for the construction of Dhekelia cantonment had been given to the firm already engaged on building the new power station there. Dhekelia, which stands on the wide sweep of Larnaca Bay at the south-east corner of Cyprus, will be a township deliberately planned and sited and built to the best advantage. It will house a Brigade H.Q., four battalions, and a Field Artillery regiment, and will consist of over 1000 buildings of 370 types, and include excellent amenities. Captain Falls considers that "The island possesses some disadvantages for its purpose, one of which is that it might prove difficult of access by sea in time of war. At the same time, however, the entry of Greece and Turkey into N.A.T.O., their relationship with Yugoslavia, and the establishment of an Allied Command have helped to render the waters of the Levant safer, though they cannot be called safe."

Should there be a withdrawal of British fighting forces from the Suez Canal Zone, it is to be expected that some of them will be sent to Cyprus—where, it may be remarked, they are likely to be happier and more comfortable than they have lately been in Egypt. Yet I do not see how as large a proportion of the British strategic reserve as is there now can in these circumstances be retained in the Eastern Mediterranean. Air bases in Cyprus and Jordan are not yet ready. Libya has hitherto been used mainly as a training-ground on a small scale, and to make a major station of it would cost untold millions. Those hardy folk, the Marine Commandos, declare that they enjoy their visits to it, whereas they dislike Malta;

should be satisfactory and sound.

If the Sudan agreement helps to bring them about it must be considered to have accomplished a great deal. Yet my last words must be given to those doubts which I expressed in my first. Egypt will now, whatever else may happen, make great efforts to bring about full union with the Sudan. If she secures this she will have secured also virtually full control of the Sudan. When one thinks of the position of the Egyptian fellahin and the respective rewards of pasha and tiller of the soil or artisan in Egypt, one cannot avoid asking the question whether the lot of the southern Sudanese will be as good as it has been under the "Western oppression" which Professor Arnold Toynbee has been telling us about. It is interesting, but somewhat pathetic, to note that, whereas the northern Sudanese are jubilant, the southern are not quite as enthusiastic as they were. One must welcome heartily the prospect of good relations with Egypt, especially if it leads to a strategic settlement in the Middle East. At the same time, one must hope that all the devoted work of Britain in the Sudan will not be wasted.

CORRECTION.—In a photograph which illustrated Captain Falls' article on February 14, General Guillaume was wrongly identified. General Guillaume was the central figure in uniform.

CORONATION GAIETY PLANNED BY PRIVATE ENTERPRISE:
UNIFIED DECORATION SCHEMES FOR LONDON BUILDINGS.



COVENTRY STREET AS IT WILL LOOK IN CORONATION WEEK: GILT HALBERDS SUPPORT BANNERS BEARING NATIONAL AND DOMINION SYMBOLS, AND NUMEROUS "CHRYSALINE" FLEURS-DE-LYS ARE PLACED ABOVE DRAPERIES.

THE London Coronation decorations agreed and accepted by the Street Associations and responsible bodies concerned which we illustrate may be regarded as the contribution of private enterprise. They are unified schemes for the buildings in these streets, as opposed to the decoration of the streets themselves, which is normally the responsibility of the Westminster City Council. Designed by the Beverley Pick Associates, they are among the comparatively few schemes which have been arranged through every tenant in the street contributing his share. The treatment in the Haymarket is based on an idea by Mr. Stanley Mills.

By Courtesy of the General Electric Co



WITH TRUMPETS SUPPORTING BANNERS: AND DRAPERIES AND "CHRYSALINE" FLEURS-DE-LYS ABOVE THE ROYAL CYPHER: THE SCHEME FOR A BUILDING IN LEICESTER SQUARE.



AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE SCHEME FOR THE HAYMARKET: GIANT LEAF COLUMNS RUN THE WHOLE HEIGHT OF THE BUILDINGS, TOPPED BY TUDOR ROSES AND THISTLES, WITH "CHRYSALINE" DAFFODILS BETWEEN.



ONE OF THE THOUSAND "CHRYSALINE" TUDOR ROSES TO BE USED IN REGENT STREET: THEY WILL BE ILLUMINATED FROM WITHIN.



THE DESIGN FOR REGENT STREET: PANELS OF FABRIC PRINTED WITH A DESIGN OF ENGLISH HEDGE ROSES WITH, ABOVE, DEEP PINK AND WHITE DRAPERIES; AND, BELOW, TUDOR ROSES.



THE SHAPE OF WINGS TO COME—AND TYPES ALREADY IN SERVICE: CHANGES IN AIRCRAFT DESIGN

The advent of the jet engine for aircraft has not only revolutionised the means of aerial propulsion but even, and most strikingly, the basic shape of aircraft. In the 1914-18 War, the amateur aircraft—on, rather, aeroplanes, to use the word of the period—had an amazing diversity of shapes to engage his attention: box-kite-like affairs, biplanes with assorted rakes, monoplanes (especially the bird-like but sinister *Triplane*) and even, for one glorious period, triplanes. Between the wars and during the last war, the shape of aircraft and especially of their wings, tended to become standardised. The monoplane became the dominant, with wings at right angles to the fuselage, some short with a wide chord (the term for the width of the wing from back to front), others long and narrow, and some

tapering towards the wing-tip. As can be seen in this selection of post-war aircraft, all British, with the exception of two Americans, all this is now changed; and aircraft from resembling birds have now changed to fish—some of them like sharks or flying-fish, but the most modern taking on the fantastic forms of giant rays. These changes all derive from the jet engine, with its amazing potential of strength and speed. The essence of the problem of modern wing design lies in the question of wing drag. As the speed increases, so does the resistance, and it becomes necessary to find a wing-shape with low drag at high speeds. In addition, the wing must be sturdy enough to support increasing weight and also devoid of wing flutter at sonic and subsonic speeds; and it must be stable and controllable

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



BY WHICH THE AVIAN FORMS OF YESTERDAY HAVE BECOME FISH-LIKE AND RESEMBLE GIANT RAYS.

at the stall, so that the pilot can land at a reasonable speed in safety. It might be thought that very thin wings would avoid "compressibility effect" and to some extent this is so, and this practice is followed by the American designers of large bombers. But if the wing is thin the engines cannot be placed inside the wings (as in the case of the British *Victor*, *Valiant* and *Vulcan* bombers), and the thinness of the wing limits the amount of the fuel which can be carried there. The U.S. *Stratofortress* solves this problem by carrying its engines hung in "pods"—which also, it is claimed, makes maintenance and replacement much easier. Apart from the very thin wing, there are a great number of solutions put forward in the matter of wing-shape—including sweep-back, delta-form and the latest solution—the

crenate or scimitar wing of the Handley-Page *Victor*. Concerning this last, the chief designer of Handley-Page, Mr. R. S. Stafford, stated that the back-swept crenate wing with angle of sweep progressively decreased towards the tip permits the use of high-aspect ratio for high-altitude performance and good behaviour at the stall. If the wing is swept straight back (he states), air flowing over it is deflected outwards, and so the aileron movement may tend to twist the wing, or it may twist under air load and the aircraft become dynamically unstable. With the crenate wing the sweep-back decreasing in sweep towards the tip gets over the difficulties encountered with the straight sweep-back, and it is said greatly to reduce aero-elastic difficulties. Even so it is not thought that finality is in sight.

ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.

PEOPLE IN THE
PUBLIC EYE.PERSONALITIES
OF THE WEEK.**SIR DERWENT KERMODE.**

Appointed British Ambassador to Czechoslovakia in succession to Sir Philip Broadmead, who will shortly be retiring. Sir Derwent Kermode, who has been British Ambassador at Jakarta, Indonesia, since 1950, was born in 1898, and entered the Consular Service in 1921. He has served in Tokyo, Yokohama, Kobe, Seoul, Mukden and Tamsui.

**MR. FRANCIS HIRST.**

Died on February 22, in his eightieth year. Mr. Francis Hirst was a Liberal in the tradition of Cobden, Bright and Gladstone. Editor of the *Economist* from 1907 to 1910, he was a Governor of the London School of Economics. His many books include "Adam Smith," published in 1904, and "In the Golden Days," which appeared in 1948.

**MRS. SHEPHERD-BARRON.**

Fatally injured in a road accident near Cambridge on February 22. Mrs. Dorothy Shepherd-Barron, the well-known lawn tennis player and wife of Mr. Wilfrid Shepherd-Barron, was playing captain of the British Wightman Cup lawn tennis team in 1931, and non-playing captain of the team for several years.

**SIR GEORGE CHRISTOPHER.**

Appointed chairman and managing director of the Union Castle Mail Steamship Company (of which he was formerly deputy chairman) in succession to the late Sir Vernon Thomson. Sir George Christopher is chairman and managing director of the Hain Steamship Company and chairman of the Roath Engineering Company. He was born in 1890.

**SIR FELIX CASSEL, Q.C.**

Died on February 22, aged eighty-three. Sir Felix Cassel, distinguished lawyer, politician and philanthropist, was called to the Bar in 1894, and was Judge-Advocate-General, 1916-34. He was Member, L.C.C., West St. Pancras, 1907-10; M.P. (Con.), West St. Pancras, 1910-16. He served in France as an officer, 1914-16. He was associated with hospitals and educational schemes.



KING BAUDOUIN RETURNS TO BRUSSELS: HIS MAJESTY WITH HIS STEP-MOTHER AND EX-KING LEOPOLD. King Baudouin of the Belgians left Antibes where he has been recovering from influenza, on February 22 for Brussels. He was accompanied by his step-mother, the Princess de Réthy, and his father, ex-King Leopold. His return was believed to have been connected with the political situation.



THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ATTEND A MARRIAGE: THE WEDDING GROUP OF MR. A. ABEL SMITH AND LADY PALMER. Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh attended the marriage of Lady Palmer, widow of Sir Anthony Palmer, Bart., to Mr. A. Abel Smith. Our group shows (l. to r.) the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen, the bridegroom, the bride and the best man, Colonel Sir H. Abel Smith. The children are Sir Charles Palmer, Bart., and Antonia Palmer, children of the bride; and David and Carolyn Abel Smith.

**LORD LATHAM.**

Chairman of the London Transport Executive since 1947, Lord Latham will retire when his present term of office ends in September, and return to his professional practice as an accountant. A member of the British Labour Party, he is a former member, and was President in 1915, of the National Union of Clerks. He was Leader of the L.C.C., 1940-47. He was raised to the peerage in 1942.

**SIGNOR NITTI.**

Died on February 20, aged eighty-four. Signor Nitti, Italian lawyer, journalist and statesman, entered politics in 1904 and held ministerial offices 1911-14 and 1917-19. He was Prime Minister for a year in 1919. An exile during the Fascist régime, he was arrested in France by the Germans and liberated by French troops. He returned to Italy and was revered as an Elder Statesman.



WITH THE CAMERA USED FOR THEIR GREAT BARRIER REEF UNDER-WATER PHOTOGRAPHS: DR. AND MRS. HASS. Dr. Hans Hass, author of "Diving to Adventure" and "Under the Red Sea," and Mrs. Hass recently reached London after photographing under water along the Great Barrier Reef. They wore "frogman" suits and succeeded in taking 8000 under-water photographs of rare fish and sharks along the Reef.



THE PRIME MINISTER AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE FARMERS' UNION: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL BEING GREETED BY SIR JAMES TURNER AND LADY TURNER. The Prime Minister attended the annual dinner of the Farmers' Union at Grosvenor House on Shrove Tuesday. In an impressive speech he insisted on the necessity for us to increase food production in this country to 60 per cent. above the pre-war level. We had already raised it to 40 per cent., he said, but continued, "The job must be finished and finished soon." Sir James Turner, President of the Union, also spoke, as did Sir Ian Jacob.



RECEIVING LITTLEWOODS CHEQUE FOR £75,000 FROM MISS SALLY ANN HOWES AND MR. BOBBY HOWES: MR. J. COULTON, WHO WON £109,000 IN TWO FOOTBALL POOLS. Mr. Jack Coulton, a forty-one-year-old insurance office clerk who earns £15 a week, won the first dividend on both Littlewoods and Vernons Treble Chance, which amounted to £109,000. He has said he will continue to work, and will not indulge in foreign travel. One of his first actions was to send a cheque for £3,000 to Derek Dooley, the Sheffield Wednesday footballer, whose leg has had to be amputated.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO WILTSHIRE: HER MAJESTY GOES RACING, AND ATTENDS CHURCH.



STOOPING UNDER A ROPE HELD UP BY AN OFFICIAL: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN INSPECTING THE COURSE FOR THE UNITED SERVICES POINT-TO-POINT MEETING AT LARKHILL. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IS ON THE RIGHT.



DRIVING ROUND THE COURSE FOR THE UNITED SERVICES MEETING AT LARKHILL: THE QUEEN IN A JEEP WITH MAJOR-GENERAL G. W. E. HEATH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BEHIND HER (CENTRE AND RIGHT).



INSPECTING ONE OF THE JUMPS ON THE COURSE FOR THE UNITED SERVICES POINT-TO-POINT MEETING AT LARKHILL: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (CENTRE).



WEARING A FUR COAT AND STRONG BOOTS WITH ZIP FASTENINGS: THE QUEEN DURING HER TOUR OF THE COURSE AT LARKHILL.



LEAVING WILTON PARISH CHURCH OF ST. MARY AND ST. NICHOLAS AFTER ATTENDING MORNING SERVICE ON FEBRUARY 22: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN and the Duke of Edinburgh visited Wiltshire last week-end. On Saturday, February 21, they lunched at the School of Artillery Mess before watching the racing at the United Services Point-to-Point meeting at Larkhill. Before the first race they toured the course in a jeep and inspected the jumps; and at the close of the programme her Majesty presented prizes and trophies to the winners of the different events before going on to Wilton House to stay with the Earl and Countess of Pembroke. It was the first occasion on which her Majesty had stayed at Wilton, a historic mansion which contains the famous Herbert family groups by Vandyck and other treasures. On Sunday morning the Queen and the Duke went to morning service at the parish church. In the evening they drove back to London. The Royal car has now been fitted with a special device by which it can be illuminated in order to allow spectators to see her Majesty—an innovation much appreciated by the general public. The switches are operated by finger-tip control. They are marked "Flood Lights," "Strip Lights" and "Division."



HER MAJESTY RETURNING FROM WILTON, SEATED IN HER CAR, WHICH HAS BEEN ILLUMINATED SO THAT SPECTATORS ALONG THE ROUTE MAY SEE HER. THE SWITCHES BY WHICH THE LIGHTS ARE OPERATED MAY BE SEEN AT HER RIGHT HAND.

HER MAJESTY RETURNING FROM WILTON, SEATED IN HER CAR, WHICH HAS BEEN ILLUMINATED SO THAT SPECTATORS ALONG THE ROUTE MAY SEE HER. THE SWITCHES BY WHICH THE LIGHTS ARE OPERATED MAY BE SEEN AT HER RIGHT HAND.

THE RUSSIA OF THE CZARS IN 1839.

"JOURNEY FOR OUR TIME. The Journals of the Marquis de Custine"; Translated by Phyllis Penn Kohler.*
An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

M. DE CUSTINE'S celebrated book on Russia appeared first in 1843, under the title of "La Russie en 1839"; the first English translation came out the same year, under the more resounding name of "The Empire of the Czar; or observations on the Social, Political and Religious State and Prospects of Russia, made during a Journey through that Empire." The reason for this new version of parts of it is indicated in one more title: "Plus ça Change" would be even clearer! Mrs. Kohler and her husband were in the American Embassy from 1947 to 1949, and there they and their colleagues were astonished to find—as many before them have found—how painfully pertinent the French traveller's observations about Czarist Russia, in its old, unreformed state, were to the new Socialist Czarism. "We all said repeatedly that the Marquis's journal on Russia should be read by all Westerners and sighed over the fact that it was not available in English." They sighed again when they got home and were catechised about Russia. Mrs. Kohler found herself turning "to Custine for help"; began by translating odd passages; and in the end found herself embarked upon this book.

De Custine's father and grandfather were guillotined during the Reign of Terror; his mother, as General Bedell-Smith says in his forcible Introduction, "barely escaped the same fate after many months in prison"—to the best of my recollection the Commissar of her district recognised her as a lady who had been kind to him when he was plumbing in her house, and, whenever her name came to the front of the Queue for Death, he shifted her proposal form to the bottom of the file, so that she escaped travelling in the tumbrel with batch after batch of equally innocent victims. At all events, with that background, it is no wonder that de Custine tended to think that any form of old-established monarchy was better than none, and that he went to Russia "to find arguments against representative government." He was, happily (unlike some people of his own time and ours, of various shades of prejudice) capable of modifying his views if they didn't fit the facts, instead of despising a fact as "a nasty little thing which kills a hypothesis." He might, had he been familiar with English poetry, have reflected:

For forms of government let fools contest
What'er is best administered is best;

though it did dawn upon him that (the important matter of blood apart) the climate and contours and distances of a country were likely to have a profound effect upon the temperament of a people and the sort of things they would put up with. But he was certainly disillusioned about Russia. He found it one vast prison. He didn't quite think that the Czar's fault: he met him, talked intimately with him, admired his face, figure and mind, and, even while he deplored his relentlessness against those who defied his authority, saw that he also was



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY ALEXANDER II., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, IN THE UNIFORM WHICH HE WORE AT HIS CORONATION IN 1856.

"The new Sovereign of Russia, Alexander Nicolaiewitch, is the eldest son of the late Emperor, and was born on 29th (17th) of April, 1818." (Here followed a description from M. de Custine's popular book on Russia, giving a sketch of the then Grand Duke Alexander, as he appeared in 1839.)

Illustration reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of September 27, 1856.

a prisoner in the great jail that was Russia, a vast, incoherent Empire to which, perhaps, tyranny alone can give the semblance of coherence. Everywhere there were police and spies and dungeons: his own letters, which now are suppressed in Russia, could not be transmitted by post, and had to be concealed about his person.

Everywhere there was slavery. The very Church (which was chained by Peter the Great and is now newly in chains) was of no avail. "The Russian Church lacks the same thing that is lacking in



ENJOYING THE LOVE OF HIS PEOPLE: THE NEWLY-CROWNED EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, ALEXANDER II., RECEIVING THE CONGRATULATIONS OF THE PEOPLE OF MOSCOW.

"At four p.m. precisely (on August 29, 1856) a salvo of seventy-one guns announced that the Emperor was entering his ancient capital. . . . All along the route of the procession the houses were decorated, and the clergy stationed at the gates of their respective churches with their images and crosses. The acclamations of the assembled multitudes were enthusiastic, and distinctly heard above the din and clangour of the bells."

Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of September 27, 1856.

everything in that country: liberty, without which the spirit of life disappears and the light goes out."

"Despite the cult of the Holy Spirit," he wrote, "this nation always has its God on earth. Like Batu, like Timur, the Czar of Russia is idolised by his subjects; Russian law has never been christened. Thanks to the terror which hovers over all heads, submission serves everyone: victims and executioners—all believe they have need of the obedience which perpetuates the injustice they inflict and the injustice they suffer. It is known that the intervention of the police between persons who are quarrelling exposes the combatants to much more

dreaded punishment than the blows they bear in silence: one avoids noise because an outburst of anger would summon the hangman who really punishes." It incensed him. Like every visitor to Russia he was charmed by the people. "My discomfort," he wrote, "is increased since I have been living among Russians by the fact that everything reveals to me the real worth of this oppressed people. The idea of what they could do if they were free provokes the anger I feel to-day."

They had, in other words, "nothing to lose but their chains"; on the other hand, "this nation always has its God on earth." "Who Can Be Happy and Free in Russia" is the title of Nekrasov's famous epic: it is pervaded by a sense of enduring doom. Had Custine come to life again in 1917 he would have seen an apparent shedding of shackles; he would have seen a well-meaning Czar and his family butchered in a cellar; he would have seen all the "enlightened" people in Russia unable to throw up one effective man of action, although fruitful of scholars, orators and philanthropists; and, in the end, he would have seen the country covered with icons of Stalin, more cut off from the outside world than it was before Peter, more remorselessly strangled by tentacles from the centre than ever before, more rigidly "conditioned" mentally than it used to be (for that is no new thing) and more madly Messianic than ever in its resolve to conquer the rest of the globe. That resolve, amongst other things, he noted. One of the worst things about the foreign attitude—particularly that of "idealists"—towards Russia is that people "simply can't believe it." I wish that, in an appendix, Mrs. Kohler had been able to give us some extracts from reviews of Custine's book written when it first appeared. Possibly the then "Right Wing" may have exclaimed "all propaganda" as the "Left Wing" would now.

Extracts from this book might be quoted for pages here. "Russia sees Europe as a prey which our dissensions will sooner or later deliver up to her; she fomented anarchy amongst us, in the hope of profiting by a corruption she promotes because it is favourable to her views." Those sentences are not produced by a Fascist beast, a capitalist exploiter, or a Wall Street Cannibal: they were written in 1839, when nobody had thought of Unions of People's Republics, still less of a paradoxical U.N.O. with Russian representatives inside it as invited maggots in a nut. Yet, even were he living to-day, he probably would not despair: for he was so aware of the soul of goodness in the Russian masses. He might, however, observe that before the Russians can hope to liberate themselves they will have to liberate the hordes of diverse peoples, of various

languages and religions, whom they have swallowed up and conjoined under their despotism, during these latter centuries. But has the ordinary Soviet citizen—I won't say "voter"—the faintest notion of the diversity and whereabouts of the communities which dwell to-day under that immense Red Umbrella? No notion at all, I dare swear: he just does what he is told. And it is in complete conformity with the whole history of this patient peasant folk that he does what he is told by a foreigner. Rurik, the first Czar, was a Scandinavian; Stalin is not even a European, but a Georgian: "I am an Asiatic too," he was reported to say when he kissed good-bye to the



THE LATE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA—NICHOLAS PAULOWITCH. BORN IN 1796; DIED IN 1855.

"The Czar Nicholas has gone to his account. The disturber of the nations is at rest. The absolute lord and master of sixty millions of human beings—the inheritor of the largest empire on the globe—the man whose will was law; upon whose lips hung the issues of destiny; who, but yesterday, convulsed Europe, and troubled Asia, and brought into collision the forces of Barbarism and Civilisation; the scourge of the world—the pest of humanity—the most selfish, the most cunning, the most majestic of despots, has been suddenly stricken down in the plenitude of his power and splendour . . ."

Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of March 10, 1855.

Japanese Ambassador Matsuoka, with whose nation he was later, for a few days, and very profitably, to be at war.

I must add that even a man not interested in political parallels might find this book fascinating, simply because of its graphic descriptions of things done, men encountered, and a social scene long over.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 334 of this issue.

* "Journey for Our Time: The Journals of the Marquis de Custine," Edited and Translated by Phyllis Penn Kohler. Introduction by Lieut.-General Walter Bedell-Smith. (Arthur Barker; 16s.)

INVENTIONS NEW AND OLD, THE HILLMAN MINX COMES OF AGE, AND THE FISH THAT STOPPED A POWER-STATION.



DIVING SUIT—BY LEONARDO DA VINCI: A SUIT OF LEATHER, NOW IN A MILAN MUSEUM, MADE TO THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE UNIVERSAL GENIUS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



CAR DRIVING—IN THE CLASS-ROOM: STUDENTS IN A U.S. SCHOOL—THE BROOKLYN HIGH SCHOOL OF AUTOMOTIVE TRADES—USING A DEVICE CALLED THE "AETNA DRIVOTRAINER," WHEREBY THEY ACT IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE CAR SHOWN ON THE MOVIE-SCREEN ON THE WALL IN FRONT OF THEM.



FROM SKEIN TO NON-RAVELLING BALL: A DEVICE DEMONSTRATED BY THE INVENTOR'S WIFE AT THE MODERN INVENTIONS AND NEW IDEAS EXHIBITION.



A NEW INVENTION ALREADY IN USE: THE STRASSER CUP-HANDLING MACHINE, WHICH FITS HANDLES TO CUPS AT A RATE OF SIXTEEN TO TWENTY A MINUTE.

On February 18 the Modern Inventions and New Ideas Exhibition opened at the Central Hall, Westminster, and was visited by its patron the Duke of Edinburgh on the following day. It was due to remain open until February 28. Part of the exhibition was given over to new devices, already in use; but much was devoted to the ideas of small inventors which yet await "commercialisation."



NIGHT GLOVES FOR CYCLISTS: A ROAD SAFETY DEVICE WHEREBY THE CYCLIST'S HANDS CARRY REFLECTOR STUDS AND SO GIVE CLEAR SIGNALS AT NIGHT-TIME.



THE HILLMAN MINX COMES OF AGE—AND ONE OF THE NEW 1953 MODELS IS DRIVEN OUT OF THE "BIRTHDAY CAKE," AT A RECENT CELEBRATION LUNCHEON IN LONDON.

On February 17 the Hillman Minx, described as "one of the most consistently successful motor-cars ever made," celebrated its twenty-first birthday at a luncheon in a London hotel. After a fanfare by four trumpeters of the Household Cavalry, the doors of a huge "cake" were opened and four cars of the 1953 range were driven out among the guests. Their qualities were then expounded by Sir William Rootes, the chairman of the Rootes Group. The new Anniversary Minxes are improved models of the existing range and the alterations include an entirely new frontal appearance, better carburation and many changes in the body. One new style—a Californian "hard top" saloon—is expected to have a wide appeal in export markets, particularly in the U.S.A.



FISH WHICH STOPPED A POWER STATION: WORKMEN AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, SHOVELLING CLEAR THOUSANDS OF DEAD SHAD WHICH HAD ENTERED AN INTAKE AND BLOCKED THE POWER-STATION'S SLUICES.



THE FURY OF ORDERED ACTIVITY WHICH FOLLOWS AN OUTBREAK OF FIRE IN A WARSHIP: FIGHTING THE FLAMES AFTER THE PETROL EXPLOSION IN THE CARRIER H.M.S. INDOMITABLE.

The photographs which we reproduce here and overleaf give a vivid glimpse of some of the fury of ordered activity with which fire in a warship at sea is fought. They were taken during a fire which broke out in the 23,500-ton carrier, H.M.S. *Indomitable* on February 3 when the ship was taking part in exercises off Malta. The explosion was understood to have been caused by a mechanical defect—

possibly a petrol leak in the fuelling-line to the hangar—rather than by any human error. It took place in a space adjacent to the hangar and fire followed immediately on the explosion. The hangar itself and the ship's aircraft were undamaged; ammunition in the vicinity was removed from the gun-sites to the after-part of the flight-deck; and the outbreak was controlled within about

forty-five minutes. A ship's cutter was burnt out: the hull was considerably scorched; and the human casualty list was eventually nine killed. In our original report of the incident, the casualty list was given as two killed, one missing overboard, and thirty-seven injured. The search for the man overboard was eventually abandoned, and of those in hospital six had died by the time of writing.

While fire in all ships is a source of the greatest danger, alike in peace and war, it will be readily understood that in an aircraft carrier, with its huge supplies of aircraft fuel and valuable aircraft, this danger is of the greatest moment; and fire can at once cripple a ship and disable its armament. Fire-fighting in a carrier is therefore a vital factor in fighting efficiency, and a drill of the first priority.



THE EXPLOSION IN H.M.S. *INDOMITABLE*; WITH AIRCRAFT IN SAFETY AND NEAR-BY AMMUNITION REMOVED, THE CARRIER'S FIRE-FIGHTING PARTIES ATTACK THE FIRE WHICH FOLLOWED THE PETROL EXPLOSION IN A SPACE ADJACENT TO THE HANGAR, AFT OF THE "ISLAND" SUPERSTRUCTURE ON THE STARBOARD SIDE OF THE SHIP.



SETTING *INDOMITABLE* TO RIGHTS AFTER THE EXPLOSION: RATINGS AT WORK, STRIPPING BLISTERED PAINT, ON THE STARBOARD SIDE, AFT OF AND BELOW THE SUPERSTRUCTURE.

FIGHTING THE FLAMES IN H.M.S. *INDOMITABLE*; AND SETTING THE CARRIER TO RIGHTS AFTER SHE HAD RETURNED TO MALTA.

H.M.S. *Indomitable*, the carrier in which (as reported on the previous pages) fire broke out following a petrol explosion on February 3, was at the time of the incident commanded by Captain W. J. W. Woods, R.N., and had recently left this country to take part in Home Fleet exercises in the Mediterranean. This fleet aircraft carrier is of 23,500 tons (29,730 tons full load), and was launched

in March 1940 and completed in October 1941. She has a speed of about 30 knots and carries a complement of 1600; and has accommodation for sixty-five aircraft (*Fireflies* and *Sea Furies*). She is fitted out as a fleet flagship and has in consequence accommodation for a Commander-in-Chief and staff. She was due to take part in the combined Fleets' manœuvres in the Mediterranean in March.

MATTERS MARITIME AND OTHER ITEMS: A SURVEY OF NEWS EVENTS.



TO REPLACE THE ILL-FATED *CHAMPOLLION*, WHICH WAS WRECKED OFF BEIRUT ON DECEMBER 22: THE 15,000-TON LINER *MARECHAL JOFFRE*, WHICH WILL BE PUT INTO SERVICE ON THE MARSEILLES RUN TO ALEXANDRIA AND BEIRUT ON APRIL 17.



TO REPLACE THE LINER *EMPRESS OF CANADA* WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE AT LIVERPOOL ON JANUARY 25: THE FRENCH 20,000-TON LINER *DE GRASSE*, WHICH HAS BEEN ACQUIRED BY CANADIAN PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS LTD. FROM THE C.G.T.



(LEFT.)
THE ROYAL OBSERVER
CORPS MEDAL: OB-
VERSE; THE UN-
CROWNED EFFIGY OF
THE SOVEREIGN SUS-
PENDED FROM A
LIGHT-BLUE RIBBON
WITH SILVER-GREY
AND NARROW DARK-
BLUE STRIPES.

The Royal Observer Corps Medal, instituted by King George VI. in January 1950, is now being issued to members of the Corps who have completed twelve years' satisfactory service. Each medal will have the name of the recipient engraved on the rim, and it is hoped that those to whom it has been awarded will receive the medal before the Coronation on June 2. The ribbon is light blue with narrow dark-blue stripes on either side of a central silver-grey stripe.



(LEFT.)
THE ROYAL OBSER-
VER CORPS MEDAL:
REVERSE; A REPRE-
SENTATION OF AN
ELIZABETHAN COAST
WATCHER HOLDING
ALOFT A TORCH AND
STANDING BY A
SIGNAL FIRE.

(RIGHT.)
NOT SO SPECTACULAR
AS HAD BEEN EX-
PECTED: THE SEVERN
BORE PASSING UP-
STREAM AT STONE-
BENCH, GLOUCESTER-
SHIRE, ON FEB. 16.



ABANDONED IN HEAVY SEAS SOME 200 MILES SOUTH OF SICILY: THE 2700-TON ITALIAN STEAMER *TRIPOLITANIA*, WHOSE PASSENGERS AND CREW WERE TAKEN OFF BY A U.S. ARMY TRANSPORT. On February 15 the Italian steamer *Tripolitania*, returning from Somalia to Italy, sprang a leak when some 200 miles from Sicily. An SOS was sent out and was answered by the U.S. Army transport *General C. H. Muir*, which took off the sixty-two passengers and crew. Later the transport took the *Tripolitania* in tow and was expected to make for Messina or Syracuse. Our photograph shows the *Tripolitania* rolling in the heavy seas just after the rescue operations had been completed.



SWEEPING AWAY THE LAST VESTIGES OF THE GERMAN OCCUPATION OF JERSEY: ONE OF THE GUN TURRETS AT CORBIERE AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF DEMOLITION CHARGES WHICH BROKE UP THE SOLID APRON OF CONCRETE. The last vestiges of the German occupation of Jersey are now being cleared away and recently demolition charges were placed to break up one of the big gun turrets at Corbiere, near the famous Corbiere lighthouse, a well-known landmark to holiday-makers travelling by sea to Jersey. Our photograph shows the solid apron of concrete beginning to disintegrate following the explosion of the charges.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A MIXED BAG.

By FRANK DAVIS.

I SAW these four things last year, and they have remained in my memory, as they surely would live in yours. Put them all together on a single page and perhaps they seem a trifle incongruous, but I don't know that anyone is going to complain of that. For various reasons I wish I owned them all, though I think that if I did there might be a little difficulty in arranging them in the house in such a way that they would live at peace with one another. But what nonsense! The only slightly discordant note is the dog—and he could be in the hall to guard the front door, which is why one keeps a Cerberus. And why do I drag him into such company, this unlovely hound? (Fig. 3)

because he has a lively eye, a side-slipped nose—because he is a Sam Weller of a dog, a Cockney scrounger, a hearty, faithful barbarian who never heard of Mr. Cruft. Moreover, he's a thundering good piece of pottery. He and his friend—for there is a pair of them—are something of a mystery. They are of salt glaze and their collars bear this inscription in white relief—"IH MPM 1724." They are seated on flat brown bases and there is an oblong aperture in their backs. They have been pretty well known to collectors of English pottery for many years, and appeared in the Early English Earthenware exhibition in the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1924, where it was suggested they were probably made at the Fulham factory. Whether Fulham or somewhere in Staffordshire, they have every good quality—



FIG. 3. A CERBERUS FROM FULHAM: A MODEL OF A DOG IN SALT GLAZE, THE COLLAR BEARING THE INSCRIPTION "IH MPM 1724," ONE OF A PAIR.

This dog and its pair have been "pretty well known to collectors of English pottery for many years, and appeared in the Early English Earthenware exhibition in the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1924, where it was suggested they were probably made at the Fulham factory."

By courtesy of Sotheby's.

have a good master, and keep burglars and evil spirits and rats from his house for many years to come!

Skip a generation away from rough pottery and tough, bull-baiting, rat-catching dogs—and come to the banks of the Severn, where apparently flourished the oddest breed of pheasant known to man. Fig. 2 is a Worcester porcelain teapot of the Dr. Wall period (1751-1783)—i.e., from the early days of the famous factory. Some readers may remember a note in a recent number about James Giles, who ran a small

workshop in London where a good deal of Worcester porcelain was decorated. Whether it was James Giles himself or one of his workmen is not known for certain—what is sure is that someone, called in the clumsy jargon of the very learned "the painter of the dishevelled birds," decorated many pieces in this characteristic way. Presumably he was letting his imagination loose among scenes of more than Oriental fantasy and brought these queer creatures back with him; odd though this characteristic may be, he remains an excellent decorator, with a beautiful sense of balance, a nice feeling for foliage

mere hack work, but it would be interesting to know whether any pieces indubitably painted by him have been identified. I think not, but I would like to know whether anyone has a theory about it—or is Renoir's achievement so great that no one has bothered about his humble beginning? However, that is by the way. When some time ago I was talking about Sèvres on this page, I was surprised by the number of letters which drifted in from distant corners of the globe in which the owners described various pieces in the possession of themselves and their families; among them one—a *jardinière*—answering more or

less to the shape and style of Fig. 4 here, and said to be in "rose du Barry." Some people, I find, are allergic to this particular kind of Sèvres porcelain; they say it is at once too trivial, too insipid, too neat, too perfect, and that the painting lacks the vigour and also the naïveté of such a hand as the unknown who painted Fig. 1. Each to his taste, and I am one of the fortunate who can enjoy both; in any case, here is the convention of the time and place (Paris; 1758). The foliage handles are white and gilt, the body is painted on one side with cupids

playing on clouds, the reverse with flowers and fruit. The panels enclosing the two pictures are gilt on a pink ground—that is the colour which for some strange reason used to be called "rose du Barry" in this country, but which was, in fact, at the time of its invention called "rose Pompadour," in compliment to that clever and extravagant mistress of Louis XV. Mr. Honey notes that this "rose Pompadour" was perhaps invented by the painter with the very odd name of Xhrouet, who appears to have received a bonus of 150 livres for it.



FIG. 1. WITH ORIENTAL PAINTING BY A HAND FOUND LATER ON DR. WALL WORCESTER; A MELON-SHAPED DERBY TEAPOT (1756-1770).

Who the man is who painted "the bogus and very charming Oriental scene" on this Derby teapot nobody knows. "Here he is working for the Derby factory somewhere between 1756-1770. As you see, his style is readily identifiable and is unmistakable. A little later he was working on Worcester porcelain as well."

By courtesy of the Tea Bureau.



FIG. 2. DECORATED IN "CELESTIAL BLUE" WITH JAMES GILES BIRDS BY THE "PAINTER OF THE DISHEVELLED BIRDS"; A WORCESTER TEAPOT, DR. WALL PERIOD, 1751-1783.

"Whether it was James Giles himself or one of his workmen is not known for certain—what is sure is that someone, called in the clumsy jargon of the very learned 'the painter of the dishevelled birds,' decorated many pieces in this characteristic way." By courtesy of the Tea Bureau.

and a proper understanding of the value of empty spaces; this, I suggest, is shown very thoroughly by this photograph. But, to be sure, the identification of the various hands which have "had a go" at porcelain decoration and which clearly belong to men who had original ideas of their own and were not mere copyists is something which can, and does, keep collectors wrangling amiably among themselves and consequently out of mischief; and I don't suppose finality will ever be reached; It may be that some forgotten document will turn up which will provide the dishevelled bird man with a name and a family; and then it may be possible to build up a personality.

There are numerous unknowns of this sort—and again I mean people who were not just artisans, but men of strongly marked ability. Here, for example, is a characteristic design by one of them: the bogus and very charming Oriental scene on the Derby teapot of Fig. 1—the sort of agreeable nonsense which seems to be admirably suited to a teapot, and which I should have thought might be popular on modern china. Who this man is nobody knows; here he is working for the Derby factory somewhere between 1756 and 1770. As you see, his style is readily identifiable and is unmistakable. A little later he was working on Worcester porcelain as well. This reminds me of another sort of problem which has always intrigued me: it is a problem turned the other way round; not one of finding the painter of a particular piece, but of finding a piece to fit a painter; and the fact that it is most unlikely that the answer will ever be discovered does not make it any the less intriguing.

It is well known that in the 1850's a poor boy who was very soon destined to be famous—Renoir—painted porcelain for a Paris manufacturer (who, by the way, obligingly marked his wares with the mark of the great Sèvres factory). I dare say it was poor stuff,



FIG. 4. WITH CUPIDS SPORTING ON CLOUDS IN PANELS: A ROSE POMPADOUR SÈVRES JARDINIÈRE, 1758. The colour called "rose Pompadour" at the time of its invention varies from clear pink to salmon. It is believed to have gone out of fashion soon after Madame de Pompadour's death in 1764.

By courtesy of Sotheby's.

This was in 1757, and the colour—which varies from clear pink to salmon—is believed to have gone out of fashion soon after Madame de Pompadour's death in 1764. Few will be found to agree about the relative excellence of the characteristic Sèvres colours: there is dark blue (*gros bleu*) of the early years, painted under a glaze, superseded about 1760 by the overglaze *bleu de roi* enamel—smooth and brilliant. There is the turquoise (*bleu celeste*), 1752; yellow (*jaune jonquille*), 1753; green, 1756. Take your choice: my own, I admit, is the dark blue of the beginnings, just because it is not so perfect as the smooth overglaze enamel; it has more life, more variety. Unfortunately, it is even more difficult to find than the other colours, enchanting though they are; the only consolation is that it was not so often copied.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE FLOOD, MEMORIALS TO THE DEAD, THE R.P.S. CENTENARY.



HELICOPTERS OF FOUR NATIONS LANDING AT THE PALACE OF SOESTDIJK, WHERE THEIR CREWS WERE RECEIVED BY QUEEN JULIANA, WHO THANKED THEM FOR THEIR RESCUE WORK. On February 17 eighteen helicopters—one Dutch, one Belgian, five of the Royal Navy and eleven American—hovered over and landed in the grounds of Soestdijk. Their crews received the thanks of Queen Juliana for their work in flood rescue. All told, helicopters rescued about 2200 persons from the floods.



CAMERAS AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF W. H. FOX TALBOT: AMONG THE EXHIBITS IN THE SHOW STAGED BY THE SCIENCE MUSEUM TO MARK THE CENTENARY OF THE R.P.S.

The invention by W. H. Fox Talbot of photography on paper was announced at a meeting of the Royal Institution in January, 1839. The illustration above shows the display at the Science Museum, South Kensington, of Fox Talbot's earliest photographs and various types of camera, including (in the centre) his camera-obscura, the use of which urged him to experiment in order to obtain photographic images on paper. The photograph (top, centre) is of the latticed window in Lacock Abbey, photographed on paper in 1835.

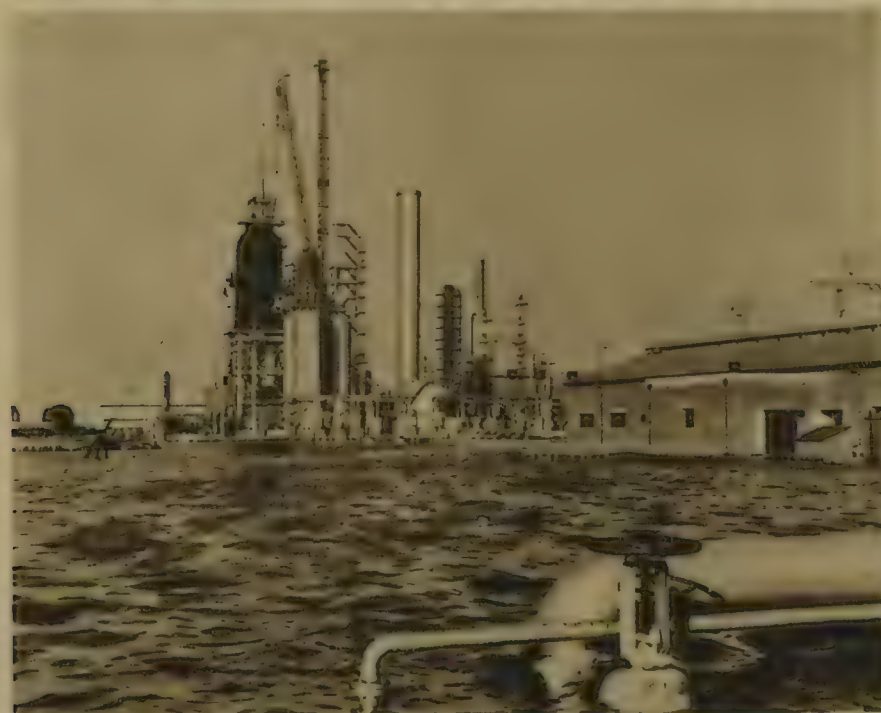


THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE TOMB OF CAPTAIN BLIGH, COMMANDER OF THE *BOUNTY* AND GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES—IN THE GRAVEYARD OF ST. MARY'S, LAMBETH.

It was announced in November that a plaque had been placed by the L.C.C. on No. 100, Lambeth Road, saying "William Bligh, 1754-1817, Commander of the *Bounty*, lived here." This honour is in ironic contrast with the present state of his tomb, also in Lambeth, where vandals have torn away a large part of the top.



VEILED IN SIGN OF MOURNING: THE WAR MEMORIAL AT STRASBOURG, WHICH WAS THE SCENE OF A DEMONSTRATION AGAINST THE SENTENCES OF THE ALSATIANS IN THE ORADOUR TRIAL. On February 19 the French Assembly, after a debate marked by great seriousness, adopted by 319 votes to 211 a Bill of Amnesty for the twelve Alsatian conscripts sentenced recently for their part in the Oradour massacre. Later in the same day the Bill was approved by the Senate by 174 votes to 79.



ON THE SECOND DAY AFTER THE GREAT STORM: THE HUGE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL REFINERY AT ISLE OF GRAIN, KENT, FEET DEEP IN FLOODWATER. IN REAR, THE CATALYTIC CRACKER.

The great storms which caused so much flood devastation in Eastern England and Holland struck at both of the great new refineries which have lately risen on both sides of the Thames Estuary: the Vacuum Oil Company's refinery at Coryton, near Canvey Island; and Anglo-Iranian's refinery at the Isle of Grain, in Kent. Both sites were heavily flooded and all the labour available was diverted to repair the gaps made in



THREE DAYS LATER: THE SAME SITE, VIRTUALLY CLEARED OF WATER—THE WORK WAS COMPLETED ON FEBRUARY 6—AND WITH NORMAL WORK RESUMED ON PARTS OF THE SITE.

the seaward defences and to clearing the sites of water—with the twofold purpose of resuming normal work as soon as possible and of preventing further inroads by the spring tides. These two striking photographs taken three days apart (the left on February 2, the right on February 5) give some measure of the success achieved at the Isle of Grain. Coryton was believed to have suffered less.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



AMONG the simpler outdoor pleasures of life going blackberrying and going mushrooming stand very high indeed. Both offer—and have been known to afford—

rich rewards, and neither costs anything at all. The necessary equipment is of the simplest. For blackberrying a basket and a crooked stick; for mushrooming a basket only—unless you happen to be one of those folk who are convinced that every cow in every field is a bull, in which case you had better take a stick too. Then, if the cow-bulls are in all the best mushroom fields, you can concentrate on blackberries on the other side of the hedge. An unfortunate thing about mushrooms is that so many other people like them too. In many districts one must turn out very early in the morning to gather them, and even so the chances are that someone else has turned out even earlier and cleared the lot.

I remember going early one morning to a very large meadow which was famous for its mushrooms, only to find a dozen or more still earlier birds spread out in all directions, quartering the ground closely and intently, but only stooping to gather at very rare intervals. The case looked hopeless. But it wasn't. I had my revenge and secured my reward. In half-an-hour I filled my basket. Not however with non-existent field mushrooms, but with fairy-ring mushrooms (*Marasmius oreades*), the dainty little biscuit-coloured toadstools which grow on lawns and in meadows in ever-widening circles. Dried in the sun or by the fire, they may be stored for winter use. Soaked in water for a few minutes they plump up, and fill the room with a powerful scent of mushroom; and they have the true mushroom flavour. They are excellent in omelettes and other dishes, and for flavour are far superior to bought, cultivated mushrooms. How astonished and mystified those early mushroomers must have been to see me stooping and gathering busily every few yards, whilst they, poor dears, were finding odd mushrooms not more often than once in ten minutes or so.

The British wild blackberry is an extremely variable fruit. There are perhaps three or four really distinct and distinguishable species but, apart from that, certain specialist botanists have named over 100 which they claim to be British species. No need to worry about such niceties. It's the berries we are after. But these vary enormously. In some districts you will find big berries composed of large, juicy grains, and elsewhere the berries are small, dry and pippy. In any one district, however, much variation may usually be found among the wild blackberries, so that it is worth while exploring one's neighbourhood and marking down the best places for blackberrying forays. There are two sequels to a successful afternoon's blackberrying which are delicious, unique, enchanting. First, the smell of a basketful of the fruit, especially if it is sun-warmed. There is nothing in all nature like it—except the scent of a bunch of the annual scabious. Later, there is bramble jelly. Apple-and-blackberry pie or pudding can be good; and so, too, are stewed blackberries. But give me bramble jelly, and the smell of a basketful of blackberries. Both are ambrosial, flawless—and pipless. I have been told that in Normandy and Brittany blackberries are never gathered for eating, owing to some symbolic association with the Crown of Thorns.

BLACKBERRIES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

For those who dislike outdoor country exercise, or who are allergic to bulls and cow-bulls, there is no lack of cultivated forms, varieties and hybrids of the blackberry which may be grown at home in the garden, and relied upon to produce immense crops of excellent fruit. Selections of these are offered and described in most of the leading fruit nurserymen's catalogues. An odd thing about many of these catalogue descriptions is that they seem to regard blackberries as dessert fruit. This seems to me to be a mistake. To enjoy their flavour to the full they should be cooked. I can imagine that dead-ripe raw blackberries served, minus the pips, as some sort of a creamy *mousse* might be good. But I feel pretty sure that the blackberry flavour would be better and fuller if that *mousse* were made with cooked berries.

There is a blackberry of American origin called "Wilson Junior" which I have met constantly and for many years in nursery catalogues, but only very rarely in real life, and then always it looked a shy, reluctant grower. Never have I seen it in fruit.

The parsley-leaved blackberry is vigorous and prolific. Its berries are of good size and good flavour, and its leaves very attractive. It breeds quite true from seed, and self-sown seedlings may often be found cropping up in all sorts of unexpected places, from seeds carried no doubt by birds.

Other available sorts are the Veitchberry, the Newberry, "John Innes," "Merton Thornless" and "Bedford Giant." And there are others. The best plan is to visit nurseries or gardens—Wisley, for instance—where they may be seen growing and fruiting, and make a choice to suit your own personal idea of what a blackberry should be. But remember, the true test of a blackberry is how it responds to cooking.

The loganberry is, of course, not a true blackberry, but a hybrid raised in California in 1881 by Judge Logan. It is a cross between the "Red Antwerp" raspberry and the "Aughenbaugh" blackberry. Its large berries, in colour like a ripe mulberry, are much

used for stewing, bottling and for jam. Though somewhat acid, they are appreciated raw by many people. In 1949 I met, at lunch, the golden-fruited blackberry, which I mentioned in my last article. Or, rather, it was at lunch one Sunday that I first heard of it, when listening in to "Country Questions." A young lady had written saying that she had found a blackberry in a hedge near her home in Worcestershire which had yellow or golden berries—was this unusual? I forget what the experts said about it, but to me it seemed so unusual and so extremely interesting that, through the B.B.C., I got in touch with the finder, who eventually took me to see the bush. It had grown high into a hedge, with no branches or berries within less than about 5 ft. from the ground. The berries were a most attractive golden-yellow, and much sweeter than ordinary

blackberries. The problem was how to propagate this interesting novelty. Almost the only way to propagate blackberries vegetatively is by bringing the tips of the stems down to the ground, where they will root readily. This could not be done on the spot, so I compromised by collecting a few slender side-shoots with growing tips complete. These I planted in a large pot in the manner of croquet-hoops. It worked perfectly. Each growing tip rooted and made a plant. I do not think there is any sensational future for the golden blackberry. I value it as an interesting and attractive variant.

The best way to grow any of the blackberries in the garden is to train them on a post-and-wire fence. Three strands of stout wire are enough, with the upper strand about 5 ft. from the ground. As with raspberries, the fruit is carried on the canes which were produced the previous year, and directly the crop has been harvested the fruiting canes should be pruned clean away at ground-level. Meanwhile, next year's canes will have been growing and should have been trained loosely to the lower-most wire. I have seen them allowed to develop lying on the ground at the foot of the fence, and the results were quite satisfactory. Directly the old canes which have fruited have been pruned and cleared away, the fresh crop of canes should be trained out on the wires in their place, ready for next summer's fruiting. The plants should be at least 10 or 12 ft. apart.



A WELL-FRUITED SPRAY OF CULTIVATED BLACKBERRIES. "THERE IS NOTHING IN ALL NATURE LIKE . . . THE SMELL OF A BASKETFUL OF THE FRUIT, ESPECIALLY IF IT IS SUN-WARMED . . . EXCEPT THE SCENT OF A BUNCH OF THE ANNUAL SCABIOUS."



A SPRAY OF THE "MERTON THORNTLESS" VARIETY OF BLACKBERRY: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS WELL, IN CONTRAST WITH THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPH, HOW IN THIS VARIETY ONE OF THE MAIN HAZARDS OF PICKING IS REMOVED.

Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.

The late E. A. Bunyard spoke well of it, but suggested that the canes should be protected with straw in winter. Give me a blackberry which requires restraint rather than coaxing, cossetting and coddling. Such a variety is the so-called Himalayan giant blackberry. This makes annual canes 10 ft., or even more, long, great thick shoots bristling with lusty vigour and bloodthirsty thorns. In season it carries sprays of very large berries which have the true blackberry flavour. I have often heard it said that the flavour is poor, less pronounced than in our wild blackberries. My own experience is that only cooking brings out the full flavour in any blackberry. I once went through a very comprehensive collection of all the best-known cultivated blackberries, and sampled, on the spot, berries from each one, hoping to find perhaps one of outstanding excellence. But I came to the conclusion that there was very little to choose between them *raw*.

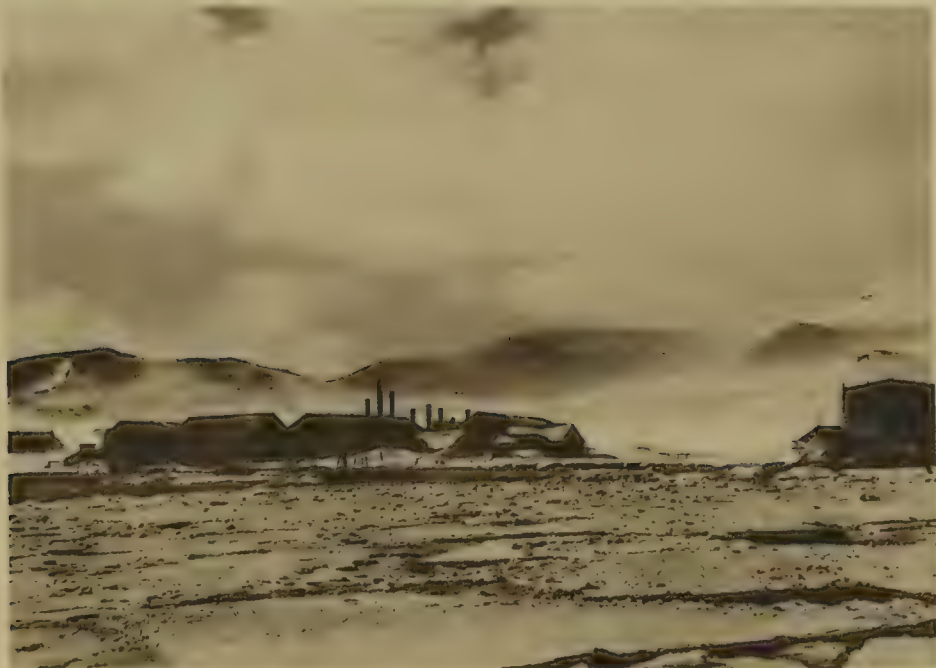
"AN IDEAL GIFT."

THIS Year will be historic in that it will see the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., and *The Illustrated London News* will be recording the event in two Double Numbers worthy of the beautifully produced records of the three previous Coronations. This suggests that, more than ever, there could be no better gift—to a dear friend, within one's family, to a business associate and particularly to friends overseas—than a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it. Orders for subscriptions for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

THIS YEAR—CORONATION YEAR—ALL POSTAL SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE THE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS AT NO EXTRA COST.

NEWS FROM ABROAD : TRESPASS IN ANTARCTICA , DISASTERS , AND THE MAU MAU.



WHERE HUTS ERECTED BY CHILE AND THE ARGENTINE HAVE BEEN DISMANTLED AND TWO ARGENTINES ARRESTED : DECEPTION ISLAND, IN THE SOUTH SHETLANDS GROUP. In January officers and men from the Chilean frigate *Iquique* and tug *Lientur* landed on Deception Island and in spite of protests by the British magistrate on the island, erected a hut only 500 yards away from the buildings of the British settlement and painted the word "Chile" in the middle of the landing strip. The



A BONE OF CONTENTION IN THE ANTARCTIC : DECEPTION ISLAND, WHERE BRITAIN HAS RECENTLY TAKEN STEPS TO ASSERT HER SOVEREIGNTY. Commander and naval crew of the Argentine tug *Chiriguano* also landed and erected a hut, tent and flag within 400 yards of the British settlement. The Acting Governor of the Falkland Islands visited the island recently and arrested two Argentines at the base and had the Argentine and Chilean huts dismantled.



IN THE KIKUYU RESERVE NEAR FORT HALL, KENYA : ONE OF THE NEW POLICE POSTS RECENTLY COMPLETED AS PART OF THE DRIVE AGAINST THE MAU MAU TERRORISTS. As a means of encouraging Kikuyu who remain loyal to the Administration and to provide a deterrent to Mau Mau terrorist gangs the number of police posts in the Kikuyu Reserve has recently been substantially increased and many more may be provided in the troubled areas. A European settler, Mr. Anthony Gibson, was murdered by terrorists on February 7 at a farm he managed seventeen miles from Nyeri. Mr. Gibson was slashed with pangas and his house was ransacked.



POLICE ACTIVITY AFTER THE MURDER OF MR. ANTHONY GIBSON ON FEBRUARY 7 : MAU MAU SUSPECTS BEING MARCHED INTO A NEW POLICE POST AT GITHUMU FOR INTERROGATION ; THERE HAS RECENTLY BEEN A SUBSTANTIAL INCREASE IN THE NUMBER OF POLICE POSTS.



A DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE IN PERSIA : THE RUINS OF THE VILLAGE OF TORROUD, WHERE SOME 1000 PEOPLE WERE REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN KILLED. An earthquake which was felt in many parts of Persia on February 12 destroyed the village of Torroud, about 200 miles east of Teheran, and of the total population of 1500, about 1000 were reported to have been killed, while many of the survivors were injured. The earthquake shock lasted about five minutes, and the buildings were reduced to ruins. On February 13, Dr. Moussadek, the Prime Minister, ordered troops, doctors, nurses and relief organisations to go to the scene to render assistance.



AN ITALIAN TRAIN DISASTER IN WHICH TWENTY-TWO PERSONS LOST THEIR LIVES : THE WRECKAGE OF THE BARI-NAPLES EXPRESS WHICH WAS DERAILED AT BENEVENTO. On February 15 an express train running from Bari to Naples became derailed when entering the station at Benevento. Twenty-two passengers were killed and seventy injured. Nine coaches of the train were wrecked and one was hurled through a wall ; only the last coach remaining upright. The railway administration is making a preliminary inquiry to ascertain whether the accident was due to excessive speed or faulty signalling.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

ANNIVERSARIES.

By J. C. TREWIN

IN the original text of Oscar Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance," the American girl calls English society "a dead thing smeared with gold." That, cut from the script of the present Savoy revival, is unintentionally an apt comment on the piece. It comes to us now as a dead thing smeared occasionally with the gold of Wilde's wit: it was never a good play, and the revival cannot persuade us otherwise, although there have been certain anxious cuts and adjustments.

Nobody will grumble very much about the cuts. As a professional wit (what's my line?) Wilde was well placed. As a serious dramatist he was almost inconceivably crude. In preparing a text for the Savoy, the unnamed adapter has lopped most of the speeches that to-day would turn us hot with embarrassment. They must have sounded odd even in 1893—this is the play's Diamond Jubilee year—and when I first met the "Woman" at a repertory theatre during the 1920's, my heart was heavy for the brave actress of Mrs. Arbuthnot who had this sort of thing to project:

She suffered terribly—she suffers now. She will always suffer. For her there is no joy, no peace, no atonement. She is a woman who drags a chain like a guilty thing. She is a woman who wears a mask, like a thing that is a leper. The fire cannot purify her. The waters cannot quench her anguish. Nothing can heal her! no anodyne can give her sleep! no poppies forgetfulness! She is lost. She is a lost soul!—That is why I call Lord Illingworth a bad man.

The actress, like Mrs. Arbuthnot, suffered terribly; but I remember that she got through this, and other speeches, with a gallant show of relief. Nora Swinburne has a better time at the Savoy; much of the absurdity has been cut. For all that, she has a grim fight to persuade us that Mrs. Arbuthnot has anything in her but a peck of sawdust.

One day we may learn why the anonymous adapter decided to re-write the last scene (in the third act now; the fourth, in the original). Personally, I cannot see why Wilde's theatrical ending was not permitted to stand. Mrs. Arbuthnot strikes Lord Illingworth across the face with her glove; he goes out silently; almost at once there is the famous curtain line about "a man of no importance," and the play is over. Very well; but now the adapter, who has been busily producing superfluous lines, has destroyed the theatrical climax—not merely by allowing Illingworth an exit speech, but also by bringing him on again, three minutes later, in a new comedy scene and providing him with yet another exit line as he leaves the room. That is silly. It cushions the impact of the drama still more.

The revival, then, comes through as almost entirely a comedy, an insistent, bright, heliograph-glitter of comedy that grows tiring. We wish now and again that somebody would say something normal. There are first-rate and lasting lines (though the most famous made no mark at the Savoy premiere); there are also dull stretches when one might shuffle and re-shuffle the witticisms without doing noticeable damage to the play. Wilde thought about the line before troubling about its speaker. The present cast manages often to disguise the fact. Jean Cadell, Isabel Jeans and Athene Seyler are all practised in artificial comedy. Clive Brook is practised, but he is not yet on terms with Illingworth, whose wit he delivers in a metallic staccato. Loudon Sainthill has created opulent rooms

and terraces: sets in which these extraordinary people can stand, or sit, and glitter at each other; and, the text aside, Michael Benthall, who produces, has clearly done his best to be faithful to 1893.



"NOBODY WOULD CALL IT AN EDIFYING PLAY. STILL, IT HAS A DARK FASCINATION": JOSEPH KRAMM'S PULITZER PRIZE PLAY "THE SHRIKE," AT THE PRINCES THEATRE; A SCENE SHOWING ANN DOWNS (CONSTANCE CUMMINGS); JIM DOWNS (SAM WANAMAKER); AND DR. KRAMER (DONALD MORLEY).

"The Shrike" is one of the plays discussed by our critic, Mr. J. C. Trewin, on this page. He says that it presents "a terrifying picture: the man, overcome by nervous exhaustion, is a virtual prisoner, beleaguered and badgered by psychiatrists in a hospital's gloomy ward. The woman has the key to his release, but she will not give it to him until he has renounced all that can make his life outside worth while."



"A HUSTLE-IT-ALONG GOLD-RUSH MUSICAL PLAY, WITH BOBBY HOWES AS A CHERUBIC SHERIFF": "PAINT YOUR WAGON" (HER MAJESTY'S), A SCENE FROM THE NEW AMERICAN MUSICAL BY ALAN JAY LERNER AND FREDERICK LOEWE SHOWING THE ARRIVAL OF THE FANDANGO GIRLS IN RUMSON.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"**ÆDIPUS**" (King's, Hammersmith).—Donald Wolfit, ever brave, puts two Ædipus plays, the "Tyrannus" and the "Coloneus," into one night. He has come finely through this Sophoclean endurance test. (February 4-14.)

"**THE DRUNKARD**" (Irving).—Beware of the Demon Rum. David Markham, the tempted, and Frederick Peasley, the tempter, revel in the old tract by "W. H. Smith and a Gentleman." (February 9.)

"**RAIN**" (Embassy).—Back to Pago-Pago and to another kind of temptation. A serviceable revival of the play derived from Maugham's "Sadie Thompson." (February 10-February 22.)

"**PAINT YOUR WAGON**" (Her Majesty's).—A hustle-it-along gold-rush musical play, with Bobby Howes as a cherubic sheriff, Sally Ann Howes as his singing daughter, and a variety of dancers and choral miners. (February 11.)

"**A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE**" (Savoy).—Oscar Wilde's old play, cut and adapted. The drama is a shadow of itself and there are numerous supplementary epigrams. A distinguished cast glitters loyally. (February 12.)

"**THE SHRIKE**" (Princes).—Mental agony in a New York hospital. An American prize play that depends on the acting of Constance Cummings, as the predatory wife, and Sam Wanamaker. (February 13.)

"**BIRTHDAY HONOURS**" (Q).—A well-written, flibbertigibbet comedy that needs more substance. A charming throw-away performance by Hugh Latimer. (February 17-22.)

This has been a period for anniversaries. "Paint Your Wagon" (Her Majesty's) begins in 1853—begins needlessly, I feel, with a funeral oration by Bobby Howes. It recovers itself and turns into a tolerable gold-rush musical play: the kind of romp in which a stage-coach deposits a load of dancing-girls, dressed by "Motley," in the main square of a mushroom-town.

Soon the town will be almost derelict again when the girls have packed up and the miners have gone to search for gold elsewhere. To call "Paint Your Wagon" a dead thing smeared with gold is tempting, but unfair. Its chorus of miners is robustly alive (hear them in "I'm On My Way"); Bobby Howes gets all the comedy he can from a not very promising vein; Sally Ann Howes sings and sings; and the dancers whirl through Rumson's streets and bars. If it is not a major musical comedy, it manages to do its job; and there is for some a certain melancholy interest in the setting of the "mushroom" town that, almost overnight, tosses up the shanties that must settle at last to darkness and decay.

Next, in Joseph Kramm's Pulitzer Prize drama, "The Shrike" (Princes), we reach the year 1953 and with it, one of the most horrifying women the theatre has produced since Strindberg was at his misogynistic zenith. Remarkably, the part is acted by Constance Cummings, normally one of our most sympathetic players. It is a feat indeed for her to win our loathing as she does. She is the "shrike" of the title. A shrike seems to be a predatory female butcher-bird that impales its mate upon thorns. In this piece we are to observe how the woman, having driven her husband to the edge of suicide, will force him into a lunatic asylum unless he surrenders his entire life to her. It is a terrifying picture: the man, overcome by nervous exhaustion, is a virtual prisoner, beleaguered and badgered by psychiatrists in a hospital's gloomy ward. The woman has the key to his release, but she will not give it to him until he has renounced all

that can make his life outside worth while. Nobody would call it an edifying play. Still, it has a dark fascination. One watches it as the prisoner of "The Pit and the Pendulum" watched the circling of the blade above him. Sam Wanamaker is a walking nerve-storm. He suffers terribly. He will always suffer. For him there is no joy, no peace. (Where have I heard all this before?) Nothing can heal him; no anodyne can give him sleep, no poppies forgetfulness. Miss Cummings, considering him with a cold, Strindbergian eye, has our prolonged and utter loathing: a tribute to the actress.

We began with 1893; we have gone back to 1853 and forward a century to 1953. We end with 1913. It was on February 15 in that year that Barry Jackson at last watched the

curtain rise in the new Birmingham Repertory Theatre. Now, forty years on, it is the most celebrated "Rep" in the world, and the stage honours Sir Barry Jackson as a man of first importance. His work at Birmingham, in London, at Malvern, and at Stratford-upon-Avon (where he revived the fortunes of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre) is safe in the history of the stage. Many of the principal players of our time are, so to speak, Old Jacksonians. To-day (and the anniversary celebration has shown how warmly he is regarded) the name speaks for a theatre alive and a theatre advancing. Salute, then, to Sir Barry!



"A DALMATIAN PEASANT."



"DOCTORS AND DIETS."



"THREE WOMEN AND MR. CLIFFORD."



"IN COUNTY KERRY—1919."



"A CHILDREN'S PARTY."



"THREE GENERATIONS IN A MUNICIPAL COURT."



"AT AN ART EXHIBITION IN BOSTON."



"ADMONISHING A CHILD IN 'A CHILDREN'S PARTY.'"



"AN ITALIAN PEASANT IN 'A CHURCH IN ITALY.'"

RUTH DRAPER: THE WOMAN WHO, UNAIDED, FILLS AN EMPTY STAGE WITH SCENERY AND A VIVID HOST OF CHARACTERS.

For many years now Ruth Draper has been hypnotising audiences all over the world into believing that the empty stage around her is peopled by a vast unseen company. This great actress, who was born in New York in 1884, is a granddaughter of Charles A. Dana, an early and famous editor of the *New York Sun*. She made her first professional appearances as a monologist at schools, colleges and clubs in the United States in 1911. Her first appearance in this country was at the Aeolian Hall, in London, in 1920. She fills theatres all over the world

with her triumphs of protean performance and, so far, has only twice in her career failed to go on—once because she missed a train and once because of an attack of laryngitis. Miss Draper, who always wears brown on the stage, writes all her own scripts—they amount to over thirty-six and include some sixty characters. After her six-weeks season at the Globe Theatre, which ends on March 14, she will do a tour, starting in Dublin and Belfast, before returning to England. On this page we show Miss Draper in a few of her famous character studies.

EXCAVATING OLD SMYRNA, CITY OF HOMER OLDEST KNOWN GREEK HOUSE AND LIGHT

By J. M. COOK, F.S.A., Director of the British School at Athens, and PROFESSOR



FIG. 1. FOUND IN THE OLD SMYRNA TEMPLE WHICH WAS DESTROYED ABOUT 600 B.C.: A NUMBER OF STATUETTES, AMULETS AND SEALS, INCLUDING A SCARAB AND HORUS-FIGURES—OF EGYPTIAN STYLE, PROBABLY IMPORTED FROM PHOENICIA FOR TEMPLE USE.

joint excavation was conducted in four successive seasons from 1948 to 1951 under the leadership of the contributors of this article. In the present year, excavation has been limited to small tests, the main effort being directed to the systematic study of the great mass of finds made in the preceding seasons. Perhaps the most interesting archaeological result of the excavation is the uncovering in a large trench on the north part of the site of superimposed series of houses ranging in date from the beginning of Greek settlement to the time of Alexander the Great. Professor Akurgal writes specially: "This excavation has brought the first proof that the Greeks had already settled in Asia Minor around 1000 B.C. It is especially significant that house quarters of considerable extent have been uncovered in successive levels, thus permitting the unimpeded observation and study of the early Greek remains. The most remarkable discovery is an oval house built of mud-brick dating about 900 B.C.; with its wonderfully-preserved courses of brick and intact ground plan, it represents the best-preserved of early Greek buildings, and in fact is the earliest one in existence (Fig. 4). The house consisted of a single room. In the next period (ninth century B.C.) rectangular houses appear; these likewise consist of a single large room, but have stone foundations. Three well-preserved rooms of this kind have been uncovered; in one of them primitive domestic installations of unbaked clay were found in position on the floor (Fig. 5). This level with the rectangular buildings was succeeded by a third stratum which reaches from somewhat before the middle of the eighth century down into the middle ranges of the seventh; in this

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 4. PROBABLY THE EARLIEST GREEK HOUSE YET DISCOVERED: A SMALL OVAL COTTAGE OF THE PROTOGEOMETRIC ERA (c. 900 B.C.). A SINGLE ROOM WITH MUD-BRICK WALLS ON A STONE FOOTING, IT SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN ISOLATED, PERHAPS IN A GARDEN.

[Continued.]

passage was through a square stone-paved pylon with a beautifully-worked doorway, in which a threshold and jambs of whiteness formed a striking contrast with a black step underfoot and the grey stonework of the walls (Fig. 10). On the inside of the door, embedded in a plaster step, are three brackets which held in position a beam of wood or metal; it is not clear whether this was designed to protect the edge of the threshold (Homer speaks of "brazen thresholds"), or was part of a grille which fenced the entrance. Several large whiteness column drums and a unique carved and painted capital with lotus ornament have come to light on the edges of the precinct; their original position is uncertain. The town site lay on a peninsula joined by a rocky isthmus to the mountain side; the surrounding land is now silted up, but in ancient times the town was no doubt

SINCE the time of Schliemann, the Mycenaean civilisation in Greece has captured the imagination of scholars and laymen alike; and constant spectacular discoveries, such as those made at Pylos and Mycenae this summer, have kept that brilliant age in full view. The era that followed the collapse of the Mycenaean kingdoms is a darker one; it has not left behind it such imposing monuments and its relics are less familiar to most readers; yet it was in these years that Greek civilisation was coming into being. One of the most exciting adventures of the generations that followed the overthrow of Mycenae was the great wave of migration which carried many thousands of displaced Greeks across the Aegean to find new homes on an alien coast. All that has been known of the early history of these first settlements is a tangle of statements, of uncertain value and often contradictory, transmitted to us by Greek writers of much later date, and some sporadic archaeological discoveries. After the late war the University of Ankara and the British School at Athens agreed to carry out a joint excavation on an Ionic site, with the aim of exploring the earliest Greek levels. The site now known as that of Old Smyrna, the city of Homer and the war-poet Mimnermus, was selected for this purpose, and a



FIG. 2. PROBABLY THE FINEST ARCHAIC IVORY DISCOVERED IN THE AEGEAN: AN EXQUISITELY CARVED LION, HERE SHOWN ABOUT ACTUAL SIZE. SEE ALSO FIG. 7.

[Continued.]

period the oval house is dominant and rectangular ones rarely appear. Curved buildings of this era are already known from excavations elsewhere in Greece, but Old Smyrna presents us with the first complete, accurately-dated ground plans, and not only with individual houses but a complex consisting of a number of adjacent buildings. In the days of Smyrna's splendour, between the middle and the end of the seventh century, a new type appears—the long house, of which several examples have been cleared. An especially notable example is a house with a men's quarter consisting of a porch and two rooms (*megaron*) and a women's apartment with a courtyard in front. This house (Fig. 9), with its walls preserved in places to almost 6 ft. in height and its ground plan intact, offers the most complete and the only precisely-dated example of an early Greek *megaron*. In this level, houses of the long type have come to light at a number of different points on the site; they are always oriented

[Continued above, right.]



FIG. 3. VASE FRAGMENTS, FOUND IN THE TEMPLE RUINS: THESE ARE PAINTED IN THE ORIENTALISING STYLE OF EASTERN GREECE AND SHOW A LION, RUNNING WILD GOATS AND HUNTING DOGS. THE SITE IS NOTABLY RICH IN ANIMAL REPRESENTATIONS.



FIG. 5. SOMEWHAT LATER THAN THE OVAL COTTAGE OF FIG. 4: RECTANGULAR HOUSES BESIDE THE CITY WALL OF OLD SMYRNA (NINTH CENTURY B.C.). ONE HAS BUILT-UP BASINS AND BINS OF CRUDE CLAY ON THE FLOOR, AS HOUSEHOLD FIXTURES.

washed by the sea. A large part of the circumference was defended by natural fortifications on a scale hitherto not found in early Greek settlements; no doubt these earliest settlers on hostile soil required stronger defences than their kinsmen on the Greek mainland. The earliest Greek defensive system here dates back at least to the ninth century; it consists of a deep core, in places with thicknesses of mud brick and stone packing, and a facing of stout, irregular masonry. This fortification underwent more than one restoration or enlargement—the last in the later seventh century, when the wall in places attained a thickness of over 50 ft.: at this time the city seems to have spread beyond its original boundaries and the fortification may have been carried off the peninsula on to the adjoining hillside. The excavations at Smyrna have thrown an entirely new light on the date of the

AND MIMNERMUS: THE DISCOVERY OF THE ON THE BIRTH OF GREEK CIVILISATION.

EKREM AKURGAL, Director of the Archaeological Institute, Ankara University.

Continued.

on a north-south axis, and thus show that axial town-planning was already being applied in Smyrna in the seventh century. After the destruction of the city by the Lydian King Alyattes about the end of the seventh century Smyrna lost its importance. In the sixth century the town was partly rebuilt on the ruins of the earlier buildings, while the houses of the fifth and fourth centuries are humble homes of an insignificant town. In Hellenistic times, when the new city of Smyrna was established three or four miles to the south, the old site was completely deserted." Near the north-east corner of the site a large oblong platform has been uncovered which carried a temple building only 20 ft. in width. The building itself is badly denuded and its length can not be exactly determined. Inside it was found the foundation of an oblong base, around which were scattered numerous small offerings

(Continued on right.)



FIG. 7. AN ENLARGED FRONTAL VIEW OF THE IVORY LION SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE IN FIG. 2. IN DELICATE CRAFTSMANSHIP, IT IS PROBABLY THE FINEST ARCHAIC IVORY FOUND IN THE ÆGEAN REGIONS AND MAY BE COMPARED WITH IVORIES RECENTLY FOUND AT NIMRUD, MYCENE AND SULTANTEPE.

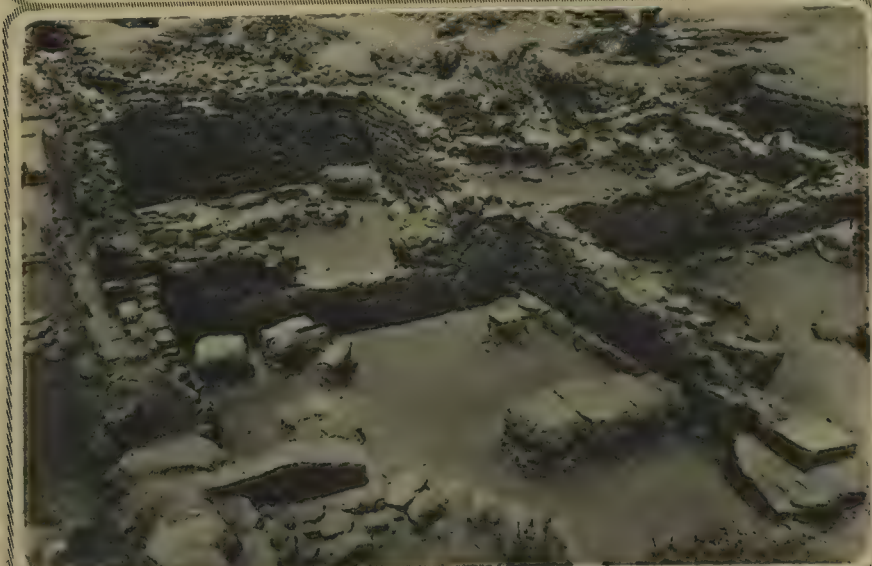


FIG. 9. BUILT IN THE LATE SEVENTH CENTURY, BUT LATER REBUILT: AN IMPOSING HOUSE, WITH (LEFT, REAR) A MAIN ROOM; IN FRONT, A VESTIBULE AND COURT; (RIGHT, REAR) PROBABLY WOMEN'S QUARTERS WITH (FOREGROUND, RIGHT) A COURTYARD.

original Greek settlements on the coast of Asia Minor. The lowest strata of Greek occupation have yielded vases of the so-called Protogeometric style, which closely correspond to Athenian wares dated in the tenth century B.C. and earlier. This pottery has still to be studied, but a few pieces have been provisionally made up and show that the lowest Greek levels at Smyrna belong to an early stage of the Protogeometric and should be dated perhaps as early as 1000 B.C., or even in the eleventh century. The historical tradition, which places the migrations relatively soon after the collapse of the Mycenaean civilisation, is thus confirmed. The Lydian invasion and capture of Smyrna, which we can now date within a few years of 600 B.C., put an end to an era of remarkable prosperity. Vases and other objects of the finest quality have been found in the ruins of the commodious private



FIG. 6. REMAINS OF APSIDAL BUILDINGS UNDER THE SEVENTH-CENTURY TEMPLE PLATFORM. THE WHITE LAYER ABOVE THE EXCAVATORS' TUNNELS (RIGHT) WAS RICH IN VOTIVE-OFFERING REMAINS.

Continued.

(Fig. 1) and pieces of a life-size terra-cotta statue of the goddess. The earliest platform wall, with a rounded corner, dates to about 700 B.C. The temple was apparently in process of enlargement at the time when the city was destroyed about 600 B.C.; and to this period dates the great outer platform with massive walls carefully fitted in polygonal style. On the south of the temple platform lay an enclosure, which was divided in two by a sunken entrance passage leading up to the east end of the temple. Access to this

(Continued below, left.)



FIG. 8. THE END OF A PAINTED TERRA-COTTA SARCOPHAGUS OF ABOUT THE END OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C., FOUND IN THE GRAVEFIELD NEAR THE SITE OF OLD SMYRNA: THE PAINTINGS SHOW HORSEMEN AND HUNTING DOGS, ANIMALS AND DEMONS, AND FAMILIAR CONVENTIONAL PATTERNS.



FIG. 10. THE SUNKEN ENTRANCE PYLON WHICH GAVE ACCESS TO THE SEVENTH-CENTURY TEMPLE PRECINCT: THE THREE BRACKETS AGAINST THE THRESHOLD HELD A BEAM IN POSITION—PERHAPS THE "BRAZEN THRESHOLD" OF HOMER.

houses of this time. The debris of the temple contained numerous small offerings to the deity, both of Greek and Oriental manufacture; among them are a few carved ivories of exceptionally delicate craftsmanship, including the figure of a lion about 3 ins. long, which is shown in Figs. 2 and 7. Other finds throw new light on the earliest forms of the Ionic alphabet. The signature of the potter Istrokles (which appears on one vase fragment) is of especial interest. Istrokles himself may well have been a Milesian, and, to judge by the painting on this and other vases of his, he can hardly have been born much later than 670 B.C. His name (derived from the River Istros, or Danube) thus affords an unexpected proof that Ionian sailors had already penetrated far into the Black Sea in the early years of the seventh century B.C.

A NEWLY-DISCOVERED AND UNKNOWN POEM IN SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S AUTOGRAPH. AN ADDRESS TO QUEEN ELIZABETH, HERE TRANSCRIBED IN FULL FOR THE FIRST TIME.

By GEORGE SEDDON (of the College, Winchester).

THE manuscript, recently identified as the autograph of Sir Walter Raleigh, contains, in addition to geographical notes, maps and a library list, a poem of eight four-line stanzas. It is with this poem that I am concerned.

Now we have present made
To Cynthia, Phoebe, Flora,
Diana, and Aurora.
Bewty that cannot vade.

A floure of loves own planting,
A patern kept by nature
For bewty, forme, and stature
When she would frame a darling.

She as the valley of Perue
Whose sumer ever lusthethe
(or, perhaps, "lastethe")
Tyme conquering all she mastreth
By being allways new.

As elementall fier
Whose food and flame consumes not
Or as the passion ends not
Of vertues trew desire.

So her celestiaall frame
And quintessentiaall minde
Which heavens together bynde
Shall ever be the same.

Then to her sarvants leve her.
Love, nature and perfection,
Princes of worlds affection,
Or prayes butt deceave her.

If love could find a quill
Drawn from an angells winge
Or did the muses singe
That pretty wantons will,

Perchaunce he could indyte
To pleas all other sence;
But loves and woes expense
Sorrow can only write.

The poem, as the first stanza shows, is addressed to Queen Elizabeth, who is all the maiden goddesses rolled into one. In a letter to Raleigh, Spenser wrote in 1590: "Considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royal Queen or Empress, the other of a most virtuous and beautiful Lady, this latter part I do express in Belpheobe, fashioning her name according to your own excellent conceit of Cynthia"—Cynthia and Phoebe being both names of Diana. With the word "vade" in the last line of the first stanza may be compared Raleigh's: "Blossumes of pride that cann nor vade nor fall" from "Cynthia, The Lady of the Sea," where it has been suggested that "vade" equals "fade," the spelling reflecting Raleigh's Devonshire accent. But it may simply mean "go."

The fifth stanza is difficult. It seems to mean that Cynthia's heavenly form and subtle mind are like the fifth essence which held the universe together. The Elizabethans thought that all things "sublunary" were composed of the four elements, but imperfectly, so that they waged perpetual war on one another

and therefore were subject to change and decay; but the world beyond the moon was not subject to mundane laws. It is to this immortal world that Elizabeth belongs.

The sixth stanza is again puzzling. Perhaps it means that Love, Nature and Perfection are her servants, and that she is Princess of world's affection. Spenser writes:

Full sweetly tempered is that
Muse of his
That can emperce
a Princes mightie
hart

when the heart is clearly that of Elizabeth. "Or" may mean "our." Our praises, says the writer, do no justice to one who is princess of the Affections of all the world.

Raleigh uses the image of the "quill drawn from an angells wing" in a sonnet on Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

So much for the content. But what is the significance of this short and obscure poem? Raleigh is credited with a long poem addressed to Elizabeth, part of which he must have read to Spenser in Ireland in 1589, for Spenser refers to it twice. In the "Faerie Queene" it is

That sweet verse, with Nectar sprinkled
In which a gracious servant pictured
His CYNTHIA, his heaven's fairest light.

and in "Colin Clout," written in 1591, but not published till 1595. (hence minor revisions may have been made after 1591), Spenser writes of the poem as

all a lamentable lay,
Of great unkindnesse, and of usage hard,
Of Cynthia, the Ladie of the sea,
Which from her presence faultlesse him debarred.
Ande ever and anon with singults rife,
He cryed out, to make his undersonge
Ah, my love's queene, and goddess of my life,
Who shall me pittie, when thou doest me wrong?

This was our only knowledge of the poem until some fragments were discovered at Hatfield, in Raleigh's hand, and were printed by Archdeacon Hannah in 1870. The pieces are headed "The 11th (sometimes read as the 21st) and Last Booke of the Ocean to Scinthia" and "The End of the Bookes, of the Ocean's Love to Scinthia, and the beginning of the 12 Boock, entreating of sorrow." The subject is Raleigh's love for the Queen, her failure to return it, and his despair. Hannah thought that these verses were written by Raleigh in the Tower early in his long imprisonment—which lasted from 1603 to 1616. The verses begin with a sonnet:

My boddy in the walls captived
Feels not the wounds of spightful envy
Butt my thralde mind, of liberty deprived
Fast fettered in her auntient memory,
Doth nought beholde but sorrowes diinge face.

It is clear that this sonnet was written in the Tower, after the death of Elizabeth. But Sir Edmund

Now we have present made
To Cynthia, Phoebe, Flora,
Diana, and Aurora.
Bewty that cannot vade.

A floure of loves own planting
A patern kept by nature
For bewty, forme, and stature
When she would frame a darling.

She as the valley of Perue
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Tyme conquering all she mastreth
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Or did the muses singe
That pretty wantons will.

Perchaunce he could indyte
To pleas all other sence
But loves and woes expense
Sorrow can only write.

THE UNKNOWN POEM IN A HANDWRITING NOW IDENTIFIED AS THAT OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH, AND DISCOVERED IN A VELLUM-BOUND COMMONPLACE BOOK WITH SUNDRY GEOGRAPHICAL ITEMS.

A vellum-covered commonplace book, formerly in the Philipps Library and now in private hands, has been recently the subject of research by Mr. W. F. Oakeshott, Headmaster of Winchester. It contains a dozen manuscript maps with copious annotations, a library list and a poem of eight four-line stanzas. With the assistance of Mr. A. J. Collins and Mr. T. C. Skeat, of the British Museum, the handwriting has been identified as that of Sir Walter Raleigh, a fact supported by the internal evidence. On this page, where we transcribe the poem for the first time, Mr. Seddon discusses its significance and its probable history.

Gosse suggested in the *Athenaeum* (Nos. 3036 and 3037, January 2 and 9, 1886), that the fragments need not belong to the same period and that the longest of them (the 11th Booke) is a part of the poem to which Spenser refers, and therefore was written in 1589. Since then there has been a sustained controversy over the dating of the poem. Mr. Alexander M. Buchan (M.L.Q., 1, 1940) supports the date suggested by "the charming but inaccurate Mr. Gosse"; he suggests, moreover, that Raleigh, always grandiose in his designs, planned a work of twelve books, began with the last two, and that is all he wrote. Another view has been that there are two distinct poems, a "Cynthia" of 1589 indubitably known to Spenser, and this poem, written in about 1592. And, more recently, Miss Latham suggested that the poem was cumulative, that Raleigh had the manuscript beside him for years, that he began it before 1589, showed a part to Spenser, and added to it until Elizabeth's death. I incline to this view myself.

The stanzas here first printed seem to have been written in the Tower after Elizabeth's death. They read like an epilogue to a long poem, Raleigh's "present" to Cynthia. But was the poem perhaps already in the book when he brought it to the Tower, prepared years ago for his regal poem to Elizabeth? Or was it written, after her death, to round off a poem at which he had worked intermittently all his life? Or had he transferred the whole idea of poetical courtship from Elizabeth to James I.'s Queen, Anne of Denmark? It is a fascinating problem, which offers more questions than answers.

(For the reading "all other sence" in the last stanza I have to thank Miss Latham, editor of the splendid little "Muses' Library" Raleigh. For the sake of clarity I have punctuated the transcription.)



ONE OF THE GREAT ELIZABETHANS—ADVENTURER, EXPLORER, GEOGRAPHER, WRITER, COURTIER AND POET: SIR WALTER RALEIGH (c. 1552-1618), FROM THE PORTRAIT BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST, NOW IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY. Crown Copyright reserved. Reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.

OFFICIAL RESIDENCES SIR WILLIAM SLIM WILL OCCUPY IN AUSTRALIA.



THE OFFICIAL SYDNEY RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA: ADMIRALTY HOUSE, SITUATED ON THE LOVELY HARBOUR; SEEN FROM THE WATER.



LOOKING DOWN SYDNEY HARBOUR TOWARDS THE PACIFIC OCEAN: A VIEW FROM THE GARDENS OF ADMIRALTY HOUSE, PLANTED WITH A GREAT VARIETY OF TREES.



THE SKYLINE OF THE CITY OF SYDNEY FROM ADMIRALTY HOUSE: THE PANORAMA FROM THE FIRST-FLOOR VERANDAH FLANKING THE MAIN BEDROOMS.



SHOWING THE WIDE-FLAGGED LOGGIA AND ABOVE IT THE VERANDAH: A NEAR VIEW OF ADMIRALTY HOUSE, WHICH IS BUILT OF LARGE BLOCKS OF BROWN SANDSTONE.



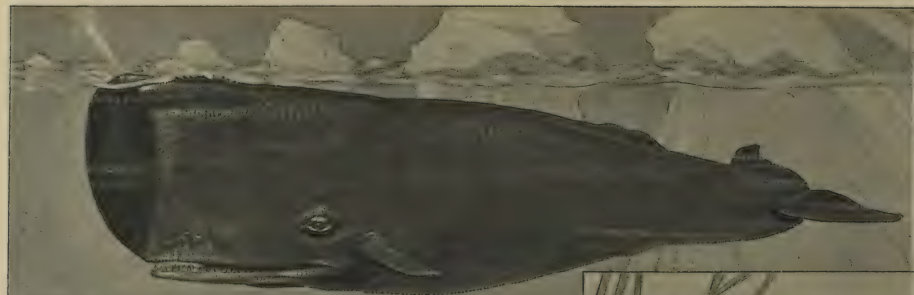
THE FAMOUS SYDNEY HARBOUR BRIDGE FROM ADMIRALTY HOUSE: A VIEW OF THE GREAT ARCH OF THE BRIDGE WHICH LINKS THE CITY WITH RESIDENTIAL SUBURBS ON THE NORTHERN SHORE.



THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN CANBERRA, THE NATIONAL CAPITAL: YARRALUMLA, WHICH IS OCCUPIED SOMEWHAT MORE FREQUENTLY THAN ADMIRALTY HOUSE.

Field Marshal Sir William Slim was due to leave this country on February 24 and to arrive in Melbourne on March 24 to take up his appointment as Governor-General of Australia. At the time of writing, the date of his swearing-in has not been announced, but Mr. Menzies stated that he hoped it would take place on March 25 or 26. The Governor-General of Australia has official residences in the national capital, Canberra, and in Sydney. Yarralumla, Canberra, formerly the homestead of a big sheep station, stands in 110 acres of grounds and is occupied more frequently than Admiralty House, Sydney. The latter, which is beautifully situated half a mile across the harbour from the city proper, stands amid four acres of gardens on Kirribilli Point. Built of brown sandstone it has fine reception rooms and twelve bedrooms on the first floor. The grounds, flanked on two sides

by water, contain a great variety of native Australian trees, flowering shrubs and flowers. Views across Sydney harbour may be enjoyed from house and garden. Admiralty House was a private mansion until the New South Wales Government bought it in 1883 as the residence of the Naval C.-in-C.—hence its name. In 1913 it became the Sydney home of the Governor-General, who usually spends Easter there and pays several visits to it in the summer. Two or three investitures are held annually at Admiralty House; and the charity garden-parties given there regularly are important events in the social life of Sydney. When the Governor-General is in residence a blue flag—bearing a golden lion rampant above a golden crown—flies from the flagstaff in the harbour-side gardens and is never struck, but flies day and night.

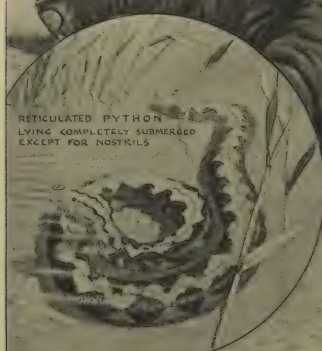


SPERM WHALE

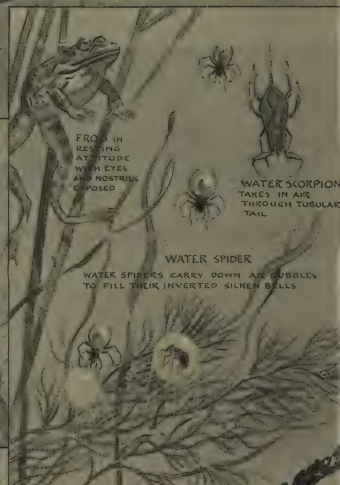
WHALES, PORPOISES, AND DOLPHINS, CAN TAKE IN AIR WITH NO MORE THAN THE LIPS OF THE BLOWHOLE BREAKING SURFACE.



INDIAN ELEPHANT
ELEPHANTS, INVERTED BATHERS, WILL
OFTEN SUBMERGE AND USE THE TRUNK
AS A BREATHING TUBE.



RETICULATED PYTHON
LIVING COMPLETELY SUBMERGED
EXCEPT FOR NOSTRILS



FROG IN
RESTING
ATTITUDE
WITH EYES
AND NOSTRILS
CLOSED

WATER SCORPION
TAKES IN AIR
THROUGH TUBULAR
TAIL

WATER SPIDER
WATER SPIDERS CARRY DOWN AIR BUBBLES
TO FILL THEIR INVERTED SILVER BELLS



MARSH BUCK
READILY TAKES TO
WATER TO ESCAPE
ITS ENEMIES



HIPPO, AT HOME UNDERWATER, EXPOSING LITTLE MORE
THAN THE NOSTRILS FOR BREATHING

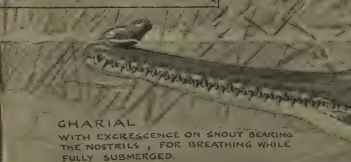


GNAT LARVA
BREAKING
SURFACE WITH
ITS 'BREATHING
TAIL'



DIVING BEETLES
TAKE IN AIR UNDER
WING CASES

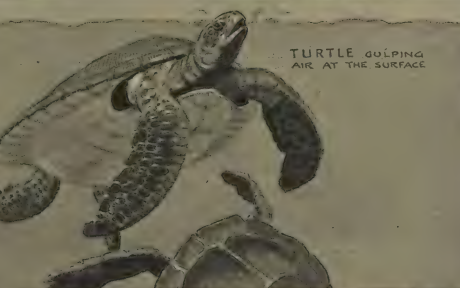
THE COMPLETE 'SCHNORKEL'
RAT-TAILED
MAGGOT
WITH ITS TELESCOPIC
TAIL FOR BREATHING



CHARIAL
WITH EXCRESCENCE ON SNOUT BEARING
THE NOSTRILS, FOR BREATHING WHILE
FULLY SUBMERGED.



WATER BUFFALOES ENJOYING THEIR WATERHOLE,
OFTEN WITH ONLY THE NOSTRILS VISIBLE



TURTLE GULPING
AIR AT THE SURFACE



CAIMAN LURKS AMONG THE
LILY-PADS WITH ONLY THE UPPER
JAW OF THE MOUTH SHOWING.

NEAVE PARKER

THE SUBMARINE "SCHNORKEL" DEVICE IN NATURE: EXAMPLES OF AIR-BREATHING ANIMALS WHICH

If our scientific speculations are correct, a long period of time must have intervened from the first inception of life on the earth to the first emergence of terrestrial, air-breathing animals. During this purely aquatic phase, respiration was effected by direct osmosis of the oxygen dissolved in the sea-water. This passed across the membrane surrounding the body in the case of small organisms, or by circulation of the water through the body in the case of larger animals. A development of the former method was the evolution of special respiratory organs, or gills, which offered a large surface to the water and across which the oxygen could pass. This much may be assumed from what is seen in the lower animals of to-day, which afford no evidence that they have ever passed beyond

this stage. Assumption is our only guide, since this purely aquatic phase precedes the era of the earliest fossil-bearing rocks. By that time, the Cambrian period, most of the groups of animals as we know them to-day were already in existence, and in several of them some species at least had exchanged an aquatic for a terrestrial life and were using gaseous oxygen. Although aquatic and terrestrial respiration do not differ in principle, the anatomical structures required are markedly different. As time passed, more and more animals became terrestrial, specialised for air-breathing and developing lungs or their equivalent. It is axiomatic that evolutionary changes are not reversible. When, therefore, as happened with so many, there was a return to an aquatic life, it could only be accomplished

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY

OBTAIN OXYGEN WHILE REMAINING SUBMERGED, AND OTHERS WHICH STORE AIR BEFORE DIVING.

by the adaptation to this end of organs capable of utilising free oxygen. The means adopted were various, from spiders taking air below the surface and storing it in an inverted silken bell, to insects which trapped air at the surface in special hairs coating the body or under the wing-cases. In lung-breathers, such as whales and seals, air is taken down in another form of reservoir—the lungs. When man first took to carrying out more than the desultory under-water activities involved in swimming and diving, he invented the diving-bell, but it was not long before he had devised a diving-suit which depended upon a tube reaching to the surface. With the invention of the submarine, the earlier expedient was adopted of taking down a supply of air, and surfacing to replenish this when it was becoming

NEAVE PARKER WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE HURTON.

exhausted. Then came the "schnorkel" apparatus, employing a tube that could be raised to the surface for supplying air to the submarine and carrying away the exhaust gases of the Diesel engines, which previously could only be run on the surface. In this, however, as in so many of his inventions, man was lagging far behind nature. All around him were examples of other terrestrial animals that had solved the problem of using atmospheric oxygen while remaining submerged, including that most perfect "schnorkel"—the telescopic tail of the rat-tailed maggot. As usual, man had invented something as a result of trial and error, and bitter experience, only to realise that nature had solved this same problem, in the same way, a long time ago.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

I HAVE forgotten who objected to what work of art that it was "not inevitable enough." But there is no forgetting the objection. It is so widely true; indeed, it is the basic problem of the novelist. His stories have to be made up; yet if we feel they are made up, if he can't foist them on us as a natural growth, then they are not acceptable at all—and all his gifts and graces will be thrown away.

"Midsummer Meadow," by John Moore (Collins; 10s. 6d.), has a variety of gifts and graces. And it is not impertinent, as made-up stories are so apt to be; no one, I mean, will ask himself why it was written. Simply, it is a cry against the State and its steamroller interference, a plea for oddity and beauty, and the unfettered spirit, and "all things counter, original, spare, strange." To most of us this will appear a sympathetic line. Only, alas, it is too conscientiously pursued.

Old Dr. Tidmarsh is a retired G.P. who spends his life in innocence and rapture, peering and poking round the country and collecting specimens—all sorts of naturalist's rubbish, which he will "one day" learn something about. Meanwhile, his immortality is safe; he has discovered a rare buttercup, almost extinct in England, acquired the meadow where it grows, and formed a Trust for its protection. It is a humble little flower—not of the slightest use, not generally interesting, not even very pretty, only unique. And one might say the same about its fellow-refugees, Oliver of the "Mammoth Fair" and his peculiar tribe: the psychic Cherokee, the Tasteful Strip-teaser, the Tip-'em-out-of-bed girl, the Largest Rat (which is a musquash), the lunatic Professor and the aged lion. All these find sanctuary in the meadow, when they are off the road. They have been joined by an ex-airman and his wife, lost in the world of peace, and by an innocent young "witch"—Granny Llewellyn's Hazel, with her second sight and her alarming faculty of love.

And then the State breaks in. First as the River Board, all set to make a shambles of the bank and to destroy the flower; secondly, as the District Council, ruling the caravans a "nuisance"; and, finally, as the Probation Officer, to clap the young witch in a "home." This is no accidental onslaught; there is spite behind—the machinations of a profiteer and the pathetic spite of a sour woman. But there is nothing spiteful about *Them*. To *Them*, old Dr. Tidmarsh is a crank; they are "the mongers of the good," and they roll over him with an indulgent smile.

Which is, of course, infuriating. But in a novel, even eccentrics ought to come alive. These, to a man or woman, are unreal or faint—or, like the witch, at once incredible and non-existent. But there are charming scenes; there is abundant gaiety and humour.

"The Easter Party," by V. Sackville-West (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), also has grace and style, but not the wedding garment. Again it is made up; and here, though stupidly, one might ask why. Because its point is not so obvious as Mr. Moore's, nor is the vehicle so apt.

I should describe this story as the overflow of a preoccupation with the saints: Only the hero is a saint gone wrong. He might have been a contemplative in another age; but in the modern world he is a brilliant barrister and a fastidious ascetic—liking good food, good wine and everything discreetly choice, and in the small hours reading St. Augustine.

He loves his country home, and has a secret passion for his dog. Beyond that, he is ruthlessly aloof. Twenty-three years ago he made a marriage of convenience, strictly on his own terms: no love, no children, no emotional demands—and please, no clamouring for explanations. That has been Rose's life. She has observed the pact; and she is still devoutly faithful.

This Easter they have guests at Anstey: Rose's fond, ordinary sister, with her good-natured, ordinary husband and their grown-up son: Juliet, the doomed, erratic lovely; and Walter's brother Gilbert, the only confidant of his ideas. After a talk with Rose, Gilbert decides to act on him through the dog Svend. Then the fates strike at him through Anstey. What one may call the outer climax is extremely fine. But the real theme is not objectified; it is an honourable failure.

"The Great Mrs. Pennington," by Ann Stafford (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), is a less rarefied attempt, in a more ample form. It is intelligent and sympathetic; but though good reading, it has in places the effect of hackwork.

In 1890, young Alice Tarrant embarks on a new life; at Newnham she will be transformed, and shine. Alice needs desperately to shine, no matter how. In her ambitious mood, she is as tranced and callous as a sleep-walker; but when she feels at all, she is possessed. At Cambridge she becomes enamoured of a "godlike youth," a follower of Oscar Wilde, and all her schemes of glory are incinerated. Then the affair breaks down. Softened by desperation and her mother's death, she turns to Frank, her heavy and devoted cousin; she takes over her mother's charities. Soon, those become a vehicle for shining; she goes to work on a grand scale, neglects her husband, preys upon his fortune, and in return is preyed on by the green-eyed Vicky, her mild and indispensable assistant. Then comes a final flare-up of emotion, and a dramatic ending. The end won't do at all. And it is not the only snag; but there is still a great deal to admire and like.

"Something To Hide," by Miles Burton (Collins; 9s. 6d.), is very definitely a bull's-eye. The scene is a small convalescent home, with a few patients, and now a couple of "irregulars"—a little monkey-man with a sprained ankle, and young Roy Dysart, suffering from burns. Then the maid Freda is washed up, strangled, in the cove below. Promptly her fellow-servant does a bolt. He had been taken on as an ex-convict; now it appears that he was no such thing. Yet he had obviously *something* to conceal—and so has everyone at the White House. First, it is not a paying concern; why do the Jurbys run it? And is the proud Miss Penkevil really being poisoned? And why has Roy such curious relapses? And why... and why...? This multiplicity of puzzles is being investigated by a whole array of sleuths; each has his angle, and they don't get in each other's light. And the result is eminently cosy—the best of Mr. Burton for a long time.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HERE is another "straight" problem for a change. Cover the whole of this article below the diagram and tell me how White can play so as to mate on move No. 2 against any defence.

BLACK.



WHITE.

The composer of this beautiful effort, Comins Mansfield, holds an assured place among the immortals of this lonely art, chess problems; above all, for the richness he has unearthed from the soil of the "mate in two moves" type of problem when it was beginning to be thought the terrain was exhausted.

The key-move is 1. Q-K7, and now if 1... Q×Q or 1... B×Q, 2. R×Kt discovers check, mate.

By the key-move 1. Q-K7, White presented Black with a "flight-square" (a square available to the black king which was not so originally). Moreover, in going there by 1... K-Q4, Black himself uncovers a check on to White's king—a fact which you might, in making the move, easily overlook. How ever can White, in one move only, attend to the check to his own king and at the same time checkmate Black's? By 2. R-B2!

Once you have discovered these two extraordinary lines of play, the rest is mere mopping-up—but even this normally drab operation has charm here.

The white bishop top left being the real menace, let us explore how Black might aim to capture it, or to interpose between it and the black king when it is unmasked by a move of the white rook.

What of 1... R-Q4, to block the bishop's line and answer 2. R×Ktch by interposing the other black rook? Unfortunately, this blocks that very flight-square and also leaves the knight on Black's K3 pinned so that simply 2. B(B4)×R is mate, which it certainly was not before.

If the knight on Black's Q2 moves, so as to capture the bishop or interpose, Black's QB3 is left unguarded, so that 2. Kt-B6 mates (note how the knight takes care of the flight-square as well!).

Try moves of the other black knight: 1... Kt-B2; 2. R×Kt mate; or 1... Kt×P; 2. R-B4 mate; or 1... Kt×B; 2. R-B5 (for instance) mate. Note how, in each of the last two mates, two black pieces which might otherwise interpose and delay the mate have, magically, become pinned.

The tale of why and how the alternative first moves *won't* work is as full of poetry but longer in the telling. If any reader is convinced that he has found a second key move, I should be happy to explain to him in what respect it fails.

"SEVEN years, my Lord, have now past since I waited in your outward rooms or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour." Lexicographers and compilers of reference books must be, like Dr. Johnson, born and not made. They must have compelling and sufficient reasons to set out on the uncharted seas of philology or even the compilation of lists of directorships. The seven years of which Dr. Johnson wrote so bitterly to Chesterfield have, in the case of "The International Year Book and Statesmen's Who's Who," by L. G. Pine (Burke's Peerage Limited; 8 gns.), been cut to four. Mr. Pine, who, as I mentioned recently in connection with his little

ENCYCLOPÆDIC.

book on heraldry, is the editor of "Burke's Peerage," has been working on the idea of bringing out a reference book on the modern world and its leading men and women, for that period. In tackling this task, however, the editor found himself confronted with difficulties unknown to anyone confronting a similar task in pre-war days. The book is divided up into three parts. The first (including an introduction by Mr. Vernon Bartlett) underlines the vast changes which have taken place since 1914—changes which are themselves stressed by the entries regarding the reigning Royal families of the world which immediately follow. This tiny band of survivors of the glittering cavalcade of the "Almanach de Gotha" of 1914 has at least received one new recruit to offset losses, in the appearance of the King of Libya. Part one also includes the, to my mind, appalling collection of initialed international agencies. Here you may learn, reader, to distinguish almost at once between I.L.O. and I.T.U., between F.A.O. and I.C.A.O., between U.P.U. and I.T.O. Between W.H.O. and W.M.O., while U.N.E.S.C.O., like the poor, is with us always. Part two contains a description of the individual countries and their political and economic status. I am indebted to Mr. Pine for a delicious understatement. Writing of the difficulty of getting information about the countries behind the Iron Curtain, he remarks a little testily: "It is most unfortunate that political considerations should obtrude themselves into any sphere of literary or scientific work, but the fact remains that it has been a struggle to get information about the great semi-circle of countries from the shores of mainland China to the confines of Eastern Europe." Part three contains an international Who's Who, and is perhaps, because of the terms of reference, the least satisfactory section. Here the choice of those to be honoured seems to have been a little arbitrary. However, the book is a most successful one which will obviously improve as the years go by.

In its 85 years of life "Whitaker's Almanack" (15s.) has had time to shake down, and the 1953 Coronation Year edition is as full, as complete and as indispensable as ever. When Mr. Joseph Whitaker established his "Almanack" in 1868 he laid down, as Mr. Pine has done, the lines along which this highly successful publication was to develop. It was to contain "an account of the Astronomical and other Phenomena and a vast Amount of Information respecting the Government, Finances, Population, Commerce and General Statistics of the various Nations of the World." Here again we have understatement, as the phrase "a vast amount of information" hardly does justice to an omniscient volume which tells you everything from the position of Mercury on June 27 to the salaries of my Civil Service friends. Here is the world reduced to the narrow compass of 1174 pages. The book falls open at page 912, where I find that in Mongolia the principal centres are: "Kalgan, Kuku-khoto, Kuku-erghi, Dolon-Not and Birukhoto." I have no doubt that Kuku-khoto is probably little better than a mud-walled flea-trap, its erstwhile happy Mongolian atmosphere oppressed by the brooding presence of the secret police of some People's Democracy. But in imagination I like to see myself arriving at the gates at sunset on a dromedary that has faithfully borne me on the by-pass of the golden road to Samarkand.

The next entry is "Morocco," and here I have no need to use my imagination. For I have before me "People of the Mirage," by Michael Ross (Rockliff; 21s.). Mr. Ross is an artist and has the rare gift of using his pen with the same dexterity with which he wields a pencil. This is the story of a journey which he made from London across Spain to North Africa, and across the Sahara to Dakar. His companions were Mr. Douglas Pirie, who was due to take up an official post as "Colonial Consul" (whatever in the name of modern Whitehall that may mean) at Dakar, and Mr. Ivor Bulmer-Thomas who, it will be remembered, seceded from the Socialist Party and who contributes a lively foreword. The artist in Mr. Ross makes him unusually and acutely observant. As a result not only is the book charmingly illustrated with his own drawings, but his observation of the territories through which they passed is as keen as it is intelligent. Artists as a class are inclined to be woolly-minded politically, which makes them fair game for unscrupulous persons who get them to join "Peace

Committees," and the like. Mr. Ross does not come in this category, and his analysis of the French position in North Africa (as a result of meeting the proscribed leader of the Nationalist movement, Istiqlal) is as good as any I have encountered. This is a delightful book, its story told with wit and perception.

Another satisfying book is "Red Coat," by E. W. Sheppard (Batchworth; 20s.). This is an anthology of the British soldier during the last 300 years, and includes everything one could wish from Captain Tobias Shandy to the Charge of the Light Brigade and from a delightful photograph of a Council of War in the Crimea to Captain Bairnsfather's famous cartoon "Mice." This, of course, was the subject of the painstaking efforts of the Germans after World War I, to teach their officers the sense of humour which, they believed, had made the British troops superior to the German. A big reproduction of the cartoon was displayed to General Staff Officers. Underneath the caption "Who made that 'ole?" to which the "Fed-up one" replied, "Mice," the Germans had solemnly written: "The hole was not, of course, made by mice, but by shell fire." E. D. O'BRIEN.



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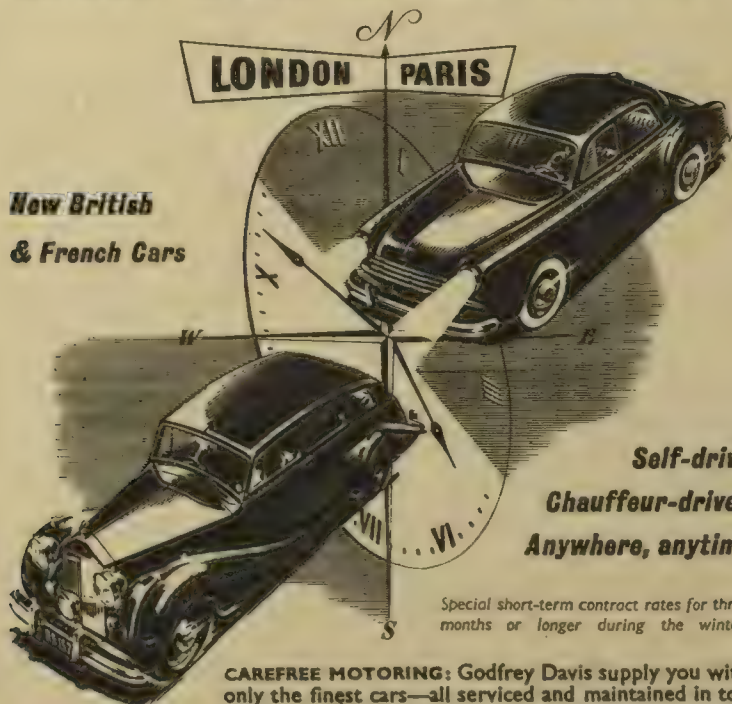
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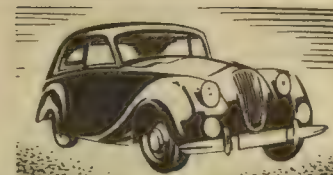
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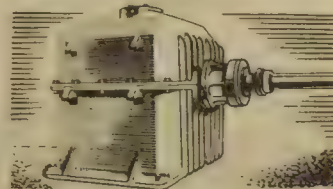
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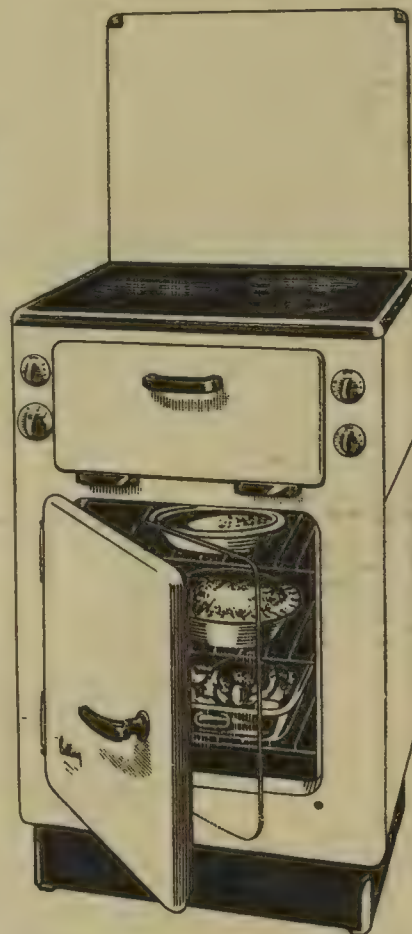


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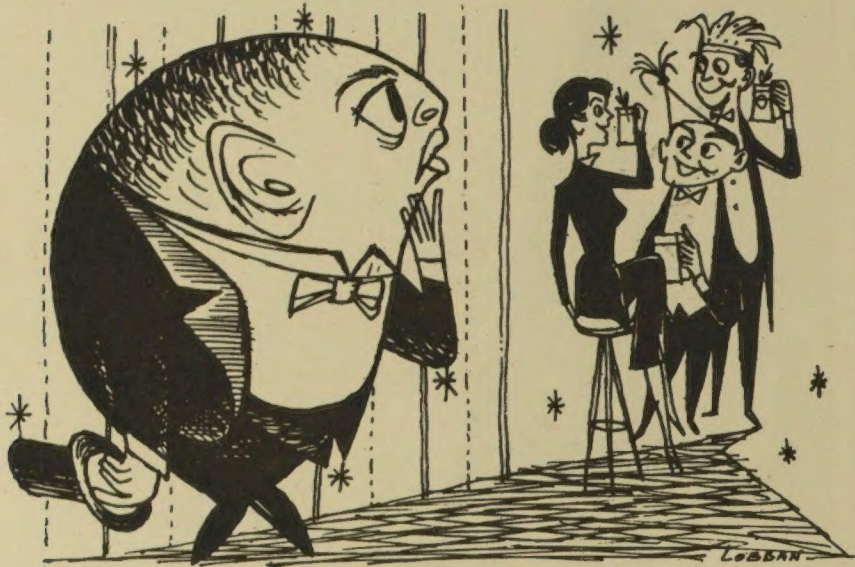
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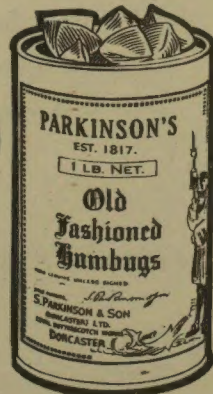
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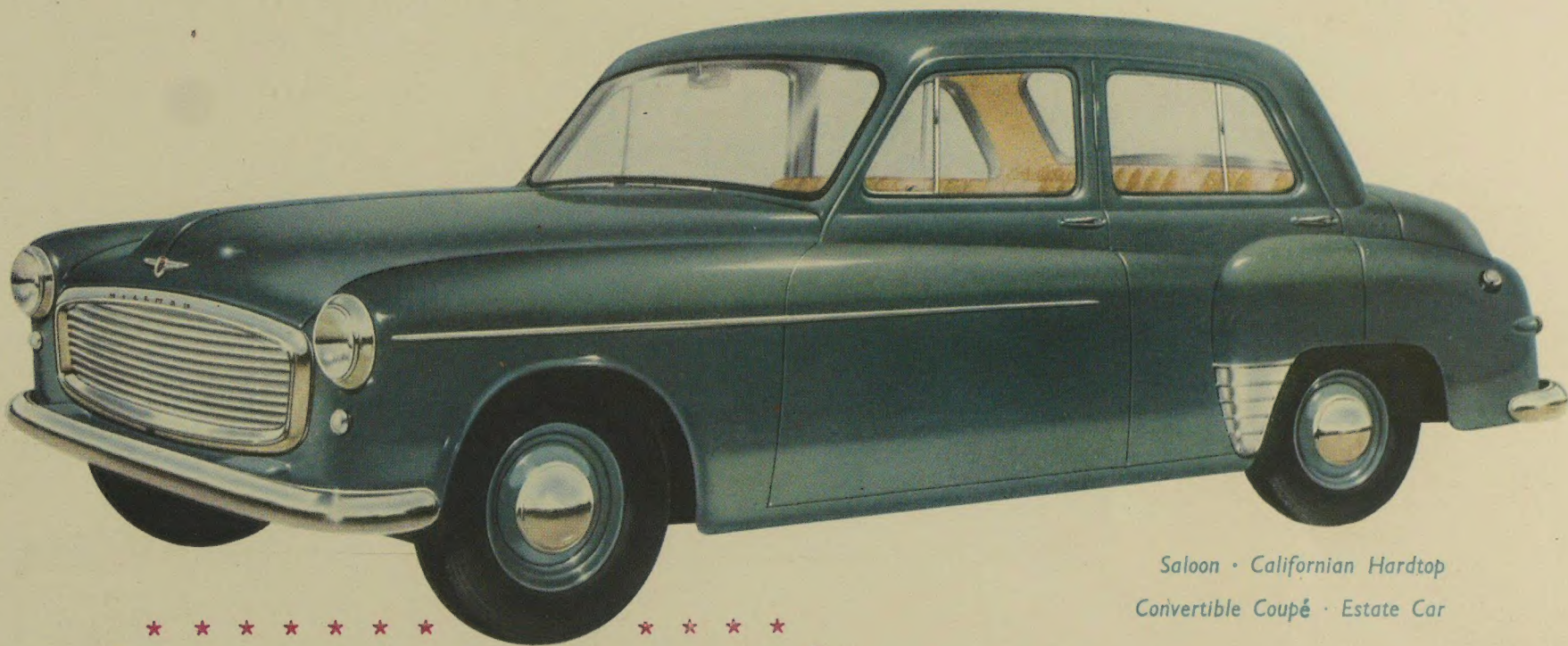
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